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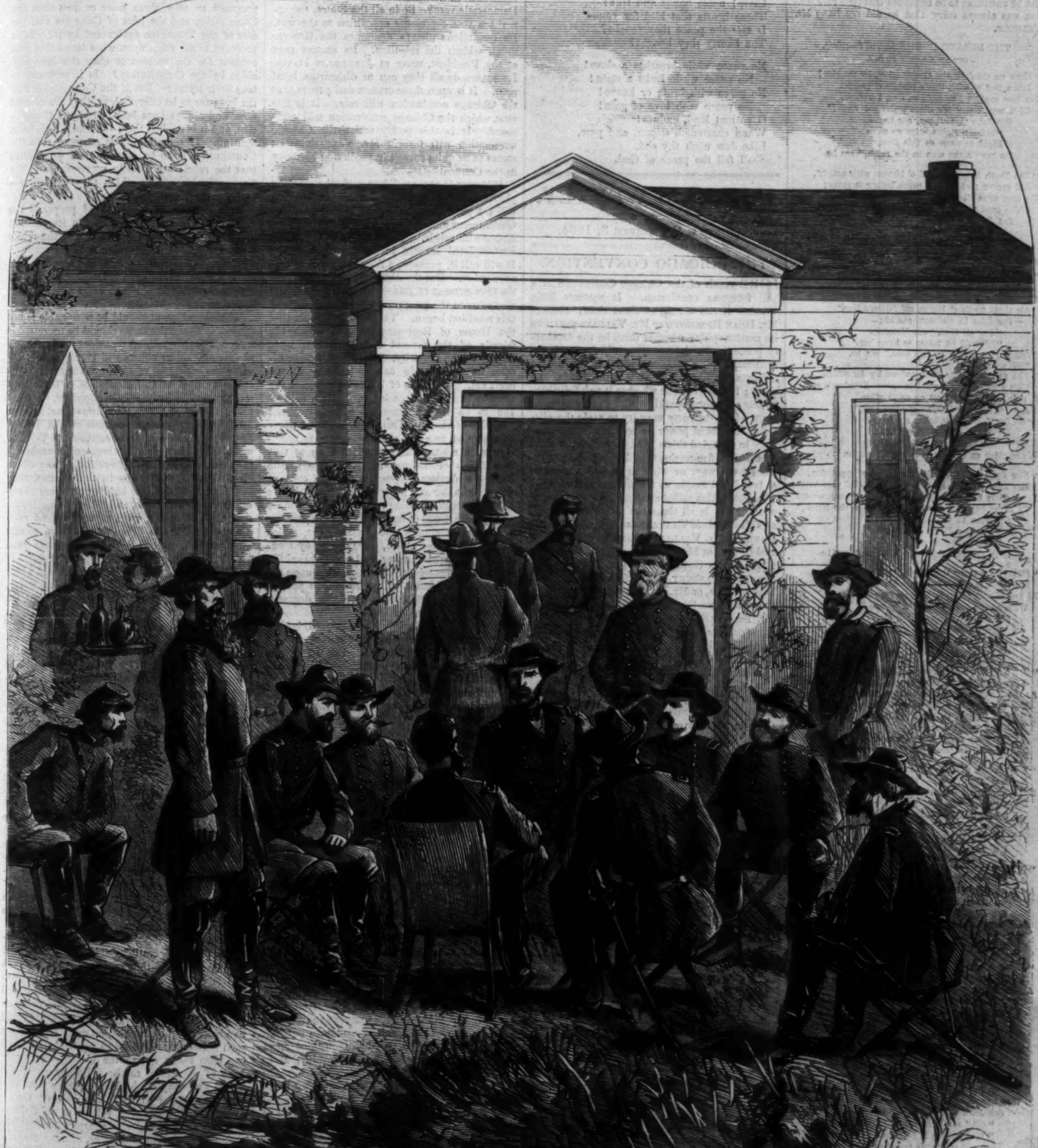


"GENTLEMEN, I INTEND TO PLACE THIS ARMY SOUTHWEST OF ATLANTA!"

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—COUNCIL OF WAR HELD AT GENERAL WOOD'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 566.]

READING ON THE RAIL FOR CHICAGO.

About seventeen years ago Mr. Hosea Biglow, of Jaalam, contributed some sprightly verses to the Boston *Courier* of those days (not of these). They were afterward published, with others not less lively, in a convenient volume, edited by Homer Wilbur, A.M., which has latterly been included in the works of James Russell Lowell, doubtless for reasons satisfactory to Mr. Biglow and his editor. There is one poem in the collection called "The Debate in the Sennit," which, as Mr. Calhoun is its hero—who was, speaking humanly, the real author of this war—we have thought might be a subject of fruitful meditation to delegates upon their way to Chicago. They will remember that General Jackson, who used to be good Democratic authority, said that the Slavery agitation would be the next excuse of the secessionists. Nor will they forget that Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his conversation with Colonel Jacques and Mr. Gilmore, has just confirmed the General's prophecy. The younger delegates to Chicago, who are pondering compromise or reunion upon the terms of the disciples of Mr. Calhoun, may not be unwilling to be reminded that General Jackson was always sorry that he did not hang Mr. Calhoun.

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT—(1848).

SOT TO A NUSRY RHYME.

"Here we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder!
It's a fact o' wich ther's bushils o' proofs;
Fer how could we trample on't so, I wonder,
Ef 't worn't thet it's ollers under our hoofs?"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Human rights haint no more
Right to come on this floor,
No more'n the man in the moon," sez he.

"The North haint no kind o' bisness with nothin',
An' you've no idee how much bother it saves;
We aint none riled by their frettin' an' frothin',
We're *used* to layin' the string on our slaves,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Foote,
"I should like to shoot
The holl gang, by the gret horn spoon!" sez he.

"Freedom's Keystone is Slavery, thet ther's no doubt on,
It's suthin' thet's—wha' d' ye call it?—divine,—
An' the slaves thet we ollers *make* the most out on
Air them north o' Mason an' Dixon's line,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Fer all thet," sez Mangum,
"'Twould be better to hang 'em,
An' so git red on 'em soon," sez he.

"The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffies,
Thet's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree;
It puts all the cunninest on us in office,
An' reelises our Maker's orig'nal idee,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Thet's ez plain," sez Cass,
"Ez thet some one's an ass,
It's ez clear ez the sun is at noon," sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,
But keep all your spare breath fer coolin' your broth,
Fer I ollers hev strove (at least thet's my impression)
To make cussed free with the rights o' the North,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes, sez Davis o' Miss.,
"The perfection o' bliss
Is in skinnin' thet same old coon," sez he.

"Slavery's a thing thet depends on complexion—
It's God's law thet fetters on black skins don't chafe;
Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection!)
Wich of our onnable body'd be safe?"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Hannegan,
Afore he began agin,
"Thet exception is quite oppertoon," sez he.

"Gen'nle Cass, Sir, you needn't be twitchin' your collar;
Your merit's quite clear by the dut on your knees;
At the North we don't make no distinctions o' color;
You can all take a lick at our shoes wen you please,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Mister Jarnagin,
"They wun't hev to larn agin,
They all on 'em know the old toon," sez he.

"The slavery question ain't no ways bewildlerin'.
North an' South hev one int'rest, it's plain to a glance;
No'thern men, like us patriarchs, don't sell their childrin,
But they *du* sell themselves, ef they git a good chance,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
Sez Atherton here,
"This is gittin' severe,
I wish I could dive like a loon," says he.

"It'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,
An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split) 'll make head,
An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to lead 'em,
'll go to work raisin' promiscoous Ned,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes, the North," sez Colquitt,
"Ef we Southerners all quit,
Would go down like a busted balloon," sez he.

"Jest look wut is doin', wut annyky's brewin',*
In the beautiful clime o' the olive an' vine;
All the wise aristoxy is tumblin' to ruin,
An' the sankylots drorin' an' drinkin' their wine,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Yes," sez Johnson, "in France
They're beginnin' to dance
Beelzebub's own rigadoon," sez he.

"The South's safe enough, it don't feel a mite skeery,
Our slaves in their darkness an' dut air tu blest
Not to welcome with proud hallylugers the ery
Wen our eagle kicks yourn from the naytional nest,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Oh," sez Westcott o' Florida,
"Wut treason is horrider
Then our priv'leges tryin' to proon?" sez he.

"It's coz they're so happy, thet, wen crazy sarpints
Stick their nose in our bizness, we git so darned riled;
We think it's our dooty to give pooty sharp hints,
Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth shan't be spiled,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he;—
"Ah," sez Dixon H. Lewis,
"It perfectly true is
Thet slavery's airth's grettest boon," sez he.

* The French Revolution of 1848.

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

Peace with the serpent's nest?
Peace with the traitor race,
Who have stabbed their mother's breast,
And brought our land disgrace?
Whose feet were on our necks,
Whose bravos swarm our decks,
Who have drenched with blood our sod?
There is no peace! saith our God.

Come on! ye sunburnt men,
From hay-field and from plow!
Spring up from desk and pen!
Forward! if ever, *now!*
Come faces dusk and pale!
Shall whips or thews prevail?
Come, storm across the land,
And win peace, hand to hand!

Remember all our dead;
Have they, then, died in vain?
The blood that they have shed
Calls from the ground again!
Clasp! noble hands and true!
Those hearts that bled for you—
Is *this* the peace they sought?
The liberty they bought?

No peace while breathes a slave!
No peace while lurks a stain!
No peace with brute or knave!
No peace with love of gain!
O patient land, endure!
When chastened, strong, and pure,
Like dew upon thy sod,
Shall fall the peace of God.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE result of the Chicago Convention is a foregone conclusion. It matters little whether it sits a long or short time; whether Mr. Dean Richmond or Mr. Vallandigham be its master spirit; whether there be the brotherly peace in its deliberations which the latter gentleman prophesies, or whether the ardent delegates break each other's shins, heads, and noses; it matters little whether it painfully constructs a platform sparkling with sham sentiment upon which the party may try to scale the glittering heights of power as poor Madame Somebody in spangled skirts tried to walk up a tight rope amidst fire-works, tumbling off and perishing by the way, or whether it builds a vessel as broad and ample as the unfortunate steamer *President* which sailed away and was never heard of more; it is all the same whether it nominates General M'Clellan and Mr. Garrett Davis, or Mr. Vallandigham and the late General Buell, or Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Washington Hunt, or Governor Horatio Seymour and Senator Saulsbury, or Judge Nelson and Mr. Edson Olds, or Mr. Dean Richmond and Governor Thomas Seymour, or Mr. Powell and Mr. Fernando Wood—a selection of eligible combinations, especially the last—to which we respectfully invite the attention of the Convention—it will be all the same, and the Chicago nomination will wonderfully simplify the situation.

It matters little who is nominated there, because the Convention represents opposition to the war, and its candidate can not escape the fate of his position.

On one side in this election, all who stand for the unconditional maintenance of the Union and the Government, and for waging the war for that purpose, until the rebels yield and ask to be heard, will vote for Lincoln and Johnson. On the other side, all who stand for the conditional maintenance of the Government; for asking the rebels on what terms they will obey—in a word, all who wish peace upon any terms or "conciliatory" war, which is merely shameful surrender, will vote for the Chicago candidate. He will be the candidate of the enemies of the war, and whoever he may be, knowing who his supporters are, he will justly regard his election as a sign that the first wish of the people is to stop the war, not to maintain the Union.

Mr. Vallandigham was right, therefore, in saying at Dayton that there would be harmony in the Convention. For he knows that if M'Clellan is nominated and were elected, his policy must be substantially that of Vallandigham himself. This is clear from the facts. The "Democratic" party is said to be divided into the Peace men and the War Democrats. But it is only the former who manage the party. The logic of the party policy is incarnated in Messrs. Vallandigham and Wood. That policy has always been, as no honest Democrat will deny, to yield to the South—which is the policy of Messrs. Vallandigham and Wood to-day. The efforts of Mr. Dean Richmond and his friends can not successfully oppose that policy. Those gentlemen can only hope to do the same thing without saying so. They must insist that they are going to Limerick when they are really going to Cork.

Mr. Wood declares that there is no such party as the "War Democracy." Is he not correct? There are indeed men of the purest patriotism who are uncompromising supporters of the war, and who have always been and are now Democrats, like Mr. Moses F. Odell, representative in Congress from Brooklyn. But in Pennsylvania, last autumn, when Governor Curtin was re-elected by a lean, though tough and true, majority of 15,000, was the bulk of the opposition vote cast by men like Mr. Odell, firm and faithful for the war, or by men like the opposition candidate, Judge Woodward, and William B. Reed, one of the most notorious rebel sympathizers in the country? General Butler, like Mr. Odell, is a War Democrat, so is Daniel S. Dickinson, and Secretary Stanton, and General Logan, and General Grant. They have never been any thing but Democrats. Have they, or any man like them, a chance for the Chicago nomination? The "War Democracy" is a name. There are individual Democrats who support the war with all their hearts, looking first to the Union, not to their party. But the vote for Thomas H. Seymour in Connecticut—was that a War Democratic vote? So in all the States, the opposition vote represents opposition to the war. Its resolutions always denounce the Government, seldom the rebellion. Its orators rage at the President, never at Jefferson Davis. Its papers do all they can to dishearten loyal men. It is upon these orators and papers that the Chicago nomination will rely. It is this vote which the Chicago nomination will command. It is this policy which the Chicago nomination will favor. Mr. Vallandigham seems to us quite correct in predicting harmony in the Convention.

Whoever is the candidate and whatever the platform at Chicago, therefore, the Convention will not propose to enforce the authority of the Government more vigorously, but to truck and dicker with rebels. The platform will state the contemplated bargain in some pretty phrase. It will call it, perhaps, a fraternal effort at reconciliation. But the American people, who are the Government of this country, will not forget that without the least injury done or threatened this rebellion began. They will not forget that the House of Representatives, in which the friends of the present Administration were largely in the majority, carried forbearance almost to weakness in endeavors to avert the overt act. By a vote of 136 to 53 it passed the Corwin conciliation resolutions. By a vote of 133 to 65 it recommended a constitutional amendment that the Constitution should never be amended so as to allow Congress to touch slavery in a State. They will not forget that the friends of the new administration in the Peace Conference proposed a national convention to consider and settle all differences before blood was spilled. So precious was the Union, so great the dread of war, that efforts to preserve peace and maintain the Government, which seem now almost abject, were made by Congress and loyal citizens and were haughtily spurned by the rebels. They counted upon the absolute degradation of the American people, and they fired at Sumter to try if that degradation were complete.

They have had their response; and this election is to determine whether the tone of that response is to be changed. The rebels are waiting to learn whether the war they have waged has degraded us to the point of granting them their will; or whether they are to discover in the defeat of those upon whom they depend in the loyal States, and the total ruin of their own mad schemes of disunion, that the will of the American people, constitutionally expressed, shall be respected by all American citizens, or the disobedient shall feel the full force of the Government until they sue to be heard.

COMPROMISE OR WAR.

On the 6th of November, 1860, at a constitutional election, in which the people of all the States participated, Abraham Lincoln was chosen President of the United States. On the 20th of December a Convention of the people of South Carolina "dissolved the Union" between that State and others. No complaint of the general Government was urged. No oppression was pleaded; no wrong alleged. At the moment of secession, and for more than two months afterward, it was under the control of the party which was predominant in South Carolina, and that party had controlled the Government for many years. The debates in the Convention show that the action was the result of a mature purpose. Mr. Inglis said that they had been thinking of it for twenty years. Mr. Keitt said that he had been engaged in the matter ever since he entered public life. Mr. Rhett said that it was not the event of a day, and was not produced by Mr. Lincoln's election or the non-execution of the Fugitive Slave law. Similar statements were made by Members of Congress, as they rose in their places and resigned. The movement continued. Under the plea of the right of States to withdraw from the Union at their pleasure, State after State seceded, and the seceded States combining declared that the United States should not victual its own troops, and upon its attempting to do so began the war.

For more than three years the war has been waged, on the part of the Government to maintain the Union and enforce the laws; on that of the seceders to establish their independence, whereby the Union is destroyed and the Government overthrown. The question now presented to us is whether the effort of the Government to compel disobedient citizens to obey the law unconditionally shall be relinquished, or whether any minority of the people of the United States who are dissatisfied with the result of an election may take up arms to impose their will upon the Government. That is the only question. The Government has sought neither conquest nor any other end than the supremacy of the Constitution in South Carolina as in Maine. What is there, then, to compromise? The moment the rebels yield to the laws that moment the war ends. What is there to compromise but the right of the Government to make the Constitution the supreme law of the land—and when that is compromised the Government is gone.

But we have been fighting for three years, says somebody; why not try a Convention? Very well. Suppose a Convention were called. Suppose the rebels attend its meetings. Is it proposed to offer them more or less than the Constitution and the laws of Congress and the acts of the Executive authorized by it? Is it proposed to ask them upon what terms they will consent for the present to obey the laws and abide by the Constitution? Is it proposed to take their terms? But if the Constitution and the laws are to be offered them, they are offered now, and always have been, without a Convention, and it is against them the rebels have been fighting. If something less or more than the Constitution is to be offered, then we confess that the rebels are already successful, and the Convention is one in which they will dictate terms to a conquered foe.

In a convention of the kind proposed the Government must either maintain its position or recede from it. If it stands fast, the rebels will have gained a breathing spell for renewed fighting. If it recedes, the Government will have justified every defeated political party or sectional faction in flying to arms against their opponents.

That Government should be reasonable is not denied. That grievances should be redressed is true. The Government that does not hear complaints and adjust abuses will surely fall. But while the measures of Government are just, its authority must be unquestionable, or there is no security for justice. While, therefore, all complaint should be heard, all redress must be lawful. If, therefore, any citizens of the United States have any complaint against the Government, when they cease to threaten its authority they can be heard in a convention or any where else. But if, with arms in their hands, they can force it to do their bidding they are themselves the Government, and the other no longer exists. Yet in our case, as we said, no complaint was alleged. The men who up to that moment had controlled the Government said, quietly, "It is our pleasure to destroy it." If now, under any pretense, the Government which knows that they are straining their last nerve, which hears one of their victims own that the rebellion must end of sheer depletion before long, stops to ask these leaders upon what terms they will compromise, it concedes that it is vanquished, and that it has not the most essential quality of every true Government, the will and the power upon proper occasion to compel absolute obedience.

FINE FEATHERS DO NOT MAKE FINE BIRDS.

No name is more cherished by the people of this country than "Democrat." But it must stand for a true democracy, or every true Democrat will leave the name and cleave to the thing. The party which now assumes the name and uses the organization is not a party with which unconditional Union men can easily ally themselves. "Democratic" conventions no longer speak for true Democrats, the political children of Jefferson. Thus the "Democratic" Convention of Maine lately resolved that "the Democratic party is, and ever has been, the true Union party of the country."

Now, considering that the rebellion was plotted by a "Democratic" Cabinet, Senators, and Representatives—that every rebel leader is a "Democrat"—that the rebel papers say, with the Atlanta *Register*, if the "Democrats" will only "use the ballot-box against Mr. Lincoln while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other"—that every State which such "Democratic" leaders controlled in 1860 has been taken out of the Union—that every form of opposition to the maintenance of the lawful authority of the Union comes from persons and parties who call themselves "Democratic"—that those who rejoice at rebel invasions of the North, who conspire against the necessary measures of the war, who maintain in speeches and papers the cause of secession and disunion, all belong to what they call the "Democratic" party—that those who invite foreign interference are "Democrats" of the same kind—that every man who, under the name of peace, hopes and works for a bloody counter-revolution at the North is a "Democrat"—that every "Knight of the Golden Circle," or open or secret foe of the integrity of the Union, is a "Dem-

ocrat"—that every man who counsels the surrender of the Government by making terms with citizens who are trying to overthrow it is a "Democrat"—considering that there is no man, party, or measure which is now or ever has been working in the interest of the rebellion, and consequently for disunion, which is not "Democratic," we submit that the Maine "Democracy" perpetrate a tragical joke when they solemnly resolve that the "Democratic party," of which JEFFERSON DAVIS, FRANKLIN PIERCE, SLIDELL, VALLANDIGHAM, MASON, WIGFALL, and FERNANDO WOOD are accredited leaders, and which excommunicates BUTLER, STANTON, DICKINSON, LOGAN, and GRANT, is and ever has been the true Union party of the country.

THE "PEACE" APOSTLE AND THE MAJOR-GENERALS.

WE had supposed that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was sent to Chicago by his political friends; but he tells us at Dayton: "I expect speedily, by the grace of God—and I ask no higher authority—to be at Chicago." This effectually disposes of the authority of the Convention that sent him. But would he kindly inform an inquiring public, in case he had been dissatisfied with the authority he asserts, to what "higher authority" he would have appealed?

In the midst of his speech the worthy orator paused to ask this most puzzling question: "What shall I say, as an honest man?" What, indeed! That question may be called, in the language of the rude street boy, "a sockdologer."

But recovering toward the close of his address, he proclaims his purpose "to remain forever 'God's noblest work, an honest man.'" It is a most commendable resolution. The delegate who holds his office as the old kings claimed to hold theirs, "by the grace of God," doubtless remembers what Othello says to Emilia of her husband Iago:

> "An honest man he is, and hates the slime
> That sticks on filthy deeds."

But being an honest man, why does the immaculate orator proceed to asperse the honesty of the soldiers. "I do not look for personal aggrandizement. *If I did I should have been a Major-General long ago, and had millions of money laid by as the spoils of my part in the war.*" This is the plain assertion that the commission of a Major-General is the result of a desire of personal aggrandizement, and that Major-Generals lay by "spoils" to the amount of millions of dollars. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM should remember that he is a "peace" man, and not a good authority upon soldiers; who as they read such words will be apt to exclaim, as he remembers Othello did, with a peculiar emphasis, when his mind awakened to the truth, "*Honest, honest Iago!*"

TWO NATIONS ON THE SOIL OF ONE.

THE question is often asked whether England did not declare in our Revolution, as we do in this rebellion, that to yield to the demands of the colonial rebels would be to connive at the humiliation of the Government; and whether, after all, England was ruined by the separation of the Colonies. This is another form of the favorite remark of rebel sympathizers, that the secessionists are doing only what our fathers did.

The British Government was unquestionably humiliated by the separation of the Colonies, and the English have always borne us the grudge which they are now gratifying. But the Government was not overthrown, simply because the Colonies were subjects of a country three thousand miles off, and because the bond between them was not like ours. In a word, the cases are not alike, because they are altogether different. Thus, our fathers did not say that, because government justly exists by the consent of the governed, therefore any number of people any where, at any time, and under any circumstances, have the right to overthrow the Government by force, with all the inevitable and melancholy consequences of war. They said only that, when the consent of a people is permanently and injuriously disregarded by the Government, and experience shows peaceful redress to be hopeless, and the consequences of submission are more calamitous than war, then, rehearsing their wrongs to mankind, and appealing to human sympathy and divine justice, those people may forcibly overthrow that Government.

That is what the American colonists did in 1776. Is that what the American rebels are doing in 1864?

The Government, so far as the Colonies was concerned, was destroyed, but the consequences ended there. But if the British monarchy had been a Union like ours, if the counties of Kent and Sussex had been parts of the whole in the same way and by the same bond that the colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts were, then the whole bond would have been loosened. But even then it would not necessarily have plunged the island of Great Britain into anarchy, for the revolted section of the empire was separated from it by an ocean.

But if thirteen English counties on the soil of the island, separated from the rest by no natural barriers of any kind whatever, had risen in insurrection, and after a war of four years the British Government had asked them upon what terms they would submit, or had agreed that they should form an independent power upon the English soil, how long would the majesty and force of the British Government last? Should we have heard the London *Times* complacently asserting that there was plenty of room for two monarchies in England; or would the London *Times* perceive, what all the world would know, that the British monarchy was at an end?

There are such things as nations and a national life. There is an American nation and an American people, exactly as there is an English or a French nation and people. And the American nation proposes to continue its existence.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND HIS SOLDIERS.

A PRIVATE soldier in the First Illinois Artillery lately sent to General SHERMAN a bridle and collar which he had worked in camp, "as a slight token," he said, "of the high regard and esteem which all the soldiers entertain toward you as our commander." The General, with that hearty recognition of valor and character, which is ennobling to every man and sure to endear him to others, in acknowledging the present, says:

> "I have always borne testimony to the peculiar intelligence, good conduct, and gentlemanly deportment of the young men who comprise your battery, and, when the war does close, if I survive it, I will make it my study to give full honor and credit to the soldiers in the ranks, who, though in humble capacity, have been the working hands by which the nation's honor and manhood have been vindicated.
>
> "As Battery A was one of the first to fire a hostile shot in the war in the great valley of the Mississippi, I hope it will be one of the last, and that its thunder tones will in due time proclaim the peace resulting from a war we could not avoid, but which called all true men from the fancied security of a long and deceitful peace."

The final sentence shows General SHERMAN's just appreciation of the nature of the war. The reader will observe that he differs from Mr. DON CARLOS BUELL, late a Major-General in the United States army.

"COMPROMISE WITH THE SOUTH."

THE powerful picture of Mr. NAST's, which we print this week, shows at a glance the condition which compromise presupposes. Those who urge it represent the friends of the Union as in the condition of the Northern soldier in the picture, utterly defeated, crippled, and crushed; while by letters in their papers and by the mouths of their orators they depict the Rebellion as rather more stalwart, vigorous, and victorious than ever. And again, when compromise shall come, the consequence to the North will be the total prostration represented in the picture. For compromise with armed rebellion is abject submission.

When the free and independent citizens of the United States are completely overwhelmed and conquered, like the Union soldier in this picture, as Copperheads now believe them to be—when they are ready to send back into slavery the brave black boys who have fought for their flag—when they forget the massacres of Lawrence and Fort Pillow, and the burning of Chambersburg, and the long, long story of the hanging and torture of Southern Union men at home and of Union prisoners in rebel hands—when the people forget the meditated shot fired contemptuously at the American flag, and the thousands of true and brave men who have been slaughtered defending it—and when they forget their betrayed and deluded fellow-citizens at the South forced into the service of the rebellion, and are ready to renounce honor, self-respect, and all that makes man noble or a nation imperial—when they are a pack of cowards, and no longer a sovereign people—then, and not until then, will they make the picture true, and agree to relinquish by compromise the authority of the Government their fathers founded, and the Union for which their sons and brothers have died.

LITERARY.

"OUR Burden and our Strength" (from the steam presses of the *Daily Times*, Troy, New York), by DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., one of the highest statistical authorities in the country, is, as the subtitle of his most timely and valuable pamphlet asserts, a comprehensive and popular examination of the debt and resources of our country, present and prospective. The importance and clearness of Mr. WELLS's statement are already so well appreciated that its substance has been issued as a "broadside" by the New England Loyal Publication Society, and a cheap popular edition will be published under equally loyal auspices in New York; while the newspapers have not failed to appreciate it, so that we may confidently expect every voter in the land to understand that a large debt is not for this country necessarily ruinous. The title of the pamphlet explains its purpose. It must be seen by all who care to know the truth; and we can assure our friends that Mr. WELLS is justified in saying, as he does at the end: "Enough of statistics (which no partisan zeal can wrest from their true meaning) have been given to satisfy our readers that the country can not be destroyed or even crippled by any *probable* future debt; and to induce every loyal man, as he reflects upon our resources as a nation, to 'thank God, and take courage.'"

"The Destiny of our Country" (A. D. F. RANDOLPH, New York) is the title of Judge CHARLES P. KIRKLAND's address originally prepared for the alumni of Hamilton College, and now enlarged for publication. It is an ample and accurate statement of the origin, course, and probable consequences of the war, made with judicial calmness and patriotic earnestness. The cause of the rebellion the Judge finds in the aristocratic ambition of a certain class in the Southern States; an ambition nurtured by the social and industrial system of the South—that is, Slavery—and essentially at war with the spirit and natural development of our popular republican government. The right of Nullification and the Slavery agitation he considers, with General JACKSON, to be mere pretenses for insurrection. The real object sought is the salvation of the aristocracy, to which a slave system is essential. Although an opponent of the present Administration at the time of its election, Judge KIRKLAND justifies its official conduct upon the highest patriotic grounds. He evidently does not love the word *abolitionist*, although he thinks slavery is doomed by the war. But he is too good a scholar not to know that the one thing that is never harmless until it is stone-dead is the exclusive principle in human affairs. The fathers in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 thought that slavery was dead. But eighty years afterward it is still lustily kicking. While it lasts war, open or hidden, will last in this country.

"The Gospel of Peace," Part 3, has been published for a few weeks, but, as usual, has received little attention from the press. It is remarkable that the most popular brochure of the war should have made its way into universal recognition without newspaper assistance of any kind. Nor is it less remarkable that a literary secret of the kind should have been so long and faithfully kept. A great many persons are sure that they know the author, but their assertions are still inquisitive. Whoever he may be, he may congratulate himself that he has reached and enlightened many a mind that would otherwise have been ignorant, indifferent, or confused in the great struggle. The broad humor, the felicitous allusion, the trenchant truth-telling, and the familiarity with all the curvatures of the New York "ring" are as striking in this part as in the others.

"Not Dead Yet" is the last novel of J. C. JEAFFRESON (HARPERS), whose name is already known among the most popular of current novelists. It is a story which begins "not far away in the past"—emphatically it is a tale of to-day. It is a story of love and crime, told with that peculiar intensity of style which characterizes the author, and winding up, as all well-regulated novels should, with the passing away of the "subtle, selfish, clever, false Rupert," and the happy marriage bells of "Kitty and Nat," of "Edward and Flo'."

The HARPERS publish "Willson's Larger Speller," one of their School and Family series. The peculiar value of Mr. WILLSON's school-books is already widely acknowledged, and every parent or teacher who can speak of them from experience speak most highly of their simple and comprehensive method. Primers, reading-books, and spellers, they make the painful path as pleasant as it can be made without shirking the inevitable difficulties or helping the child to shirk.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT evidently does not intend to leave Sheridan, Farragut, and Sherman unsupported. He will not allow General Lee to dispose of the rebel army in Virginia at his own option entirely; if the latter chooses to send reinforcements to Maury, or Hood, or Early, the last few days' operations north of the James and in the vicinity of the Weldon Road will certainly teach him that he can not deplete his army with impunity. In last week's record we gave the details of the engagement near Dutch Gap, August 14. After the battle the Confederates took up a stronger position further back. On the 18th our line extended from Curl's Neck on the James to White Oak Swamp. While the rebel line was drawn out thus extensively to confront our right, other operations were undertaken south of Petersburg with a view of gaining possession of the Weldon Road. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 18th the Fifth Corps, which had been for some days held in reserve, started for Reams Station with four days' rations. The event proved a surprise to the enemy, who gave way, leaving the Fifth in possession. This was at 7 A.M. Four or five hours were spent in tearing up the track, when the enemy made his appearance marching down the railroad. The Second Division held the road, supported by the Third and Fourth on the right, and on the left by the First. The rebel force, a portion of Hill's Corps, after a fight of two hours, was repulsed. The next day the rebels attacked again, and succeeded in breaking between the Fifth Corps and another, said to be a portion of the Sixth, which had come up to its support. About 1500 of the Fifth Corps are reported to have been taken prisoners. The general assault, however, failed, and the road was still held by the Federal troops, the Ninth Corps having come up in time to regain all the ground which had been lost. On Sunday, the 21st, the rebels attacked again, and were again repulsed with great loss in killed and wounded, besides 500 captured. Grant still holds the road. The Second Corps recrossed the James Saturday night.

In the Valley Early has been quite heavily reinforced by General Longstreet, and has taken a strong position south of Strasburg. This, together with a partial defeat at Berryville on the 14th, in which Sheridan's wagon-train was so completely destroyed as to embarrass his operations, has led the latter to fall back upon Winchester. The details of Sheridan's movement down the Valley are as follows: On the 8th August Sheridan assumed command, his force consisting of the Sixth, Eighth, and Nineteenth Corps, together with Crook's, Averill's, and Kelly's commands. On the 9th he started in pursuit of the rebels, who had two days before been beaten by Averill and Kelly. On the 10th Early's rear was overtaken ten miles north of Winchester, and a slight engagement followed with trifling results. The pursuit was continued to Strasburg. On the 14th Mosby attacked Sheridan's rear at Berryville, and owing to the weakness of the force dispatched against him, gained an important success. Two days later Early was reinforced through Thoroughfare Gap. On Sunday, the 21st, Sheridan was attacked near Charlestown, in the Valley. Charlestown is on the line of railroad from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, and six or seven miles southwest of the latter. Sheridan's line in the morning had its front at Summit Point, its left stretching out toward Berryville, and its right across the Martinsburg Pike. At 8 o'clock A.M., General Wilson's cavalry holding the advance at Summit Point, was attacked and forced back to Charlestown. Mackintosh's brigade lost 300 men. A feint attack was then made on the Federal left, held by the Nineteenth Corps, but the main assault fell on the Sixth, which held the right. There was a severe battle, and in regard to the result we only know that Sheridan fell back two or three miles on the railroad, to the heights about Halltown.

Turning to the West we find no material alteration in the position held by Sherman's army.

On the 14th of August the rebel General Wheeler advanced with a force estimated at between two and five thousand men against Dalton, which was defended by Colonel Seibold with four hundred men. General Wheeler demanded the surrender of the place in the following terms: "To prevent the effusion of blood, I have the honor to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of the forces under your command at this garrison." To which Colonel Seibold replied: "I have been placed here to defend the post, but not to surrender it." An attack was then made by the enemy, but Seibold succeeded in holding his position until the arrival of General Stedman with reinforcements from Chattanooga on the 15th; the rebels were then forced to retreat.

The information in regard to the raids made by Sherman's cavalry under M'Cook and Stoneman on the Macon road is yet very unsatisfactory. Stoneman passed around Sherman's left near Stone Mountain and M'Cook around his right. From Stoneman nothing has been heard. M'Cook accomplished his purpose against the road, but when near the Chattahoochee on his return he found himself nearly surrounded by the enemy. M'Cook's force consisted of his own Division, the First Brigade containing the Fourth Kentucky, First East Tennessee, and Eighth Iowa, commanded by Colonel Croxton, and the Second Brigade, containing the First Wisconsin, Second Indiana, and Fourth Indiana, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Torry. Four regiments, the Eighth Indiana, Second Kentucky, Fourth Tennessee, and Fifth Iowa, which participated in Rousseau's raid, went along as a reserve. The Ninth Ohio, also one of Rousseau's raiding regiments, was to be left to guard the pontoon across the Chattahoochee, where the raiding party crossed, also four pieces of Lilly's Indiana Battery. The other two pieces accompanied the raiders—the only artillery along. One ambulance to each regiment was allowed, and a few pack mules.

The entire column was not over 2500 strong, many of every regiment being left behind. Picked men and picked horses were only admitted to the expedition, though, eventually, some of the former were left on account of an inability to mount them properly. Some of the regiments were armed throughout with the Spencer rifle, the most formidable and effective repeating arm known.

The expedition started on the 27th, crossing the Chattahoochee to the north side, several miles below the railroad bridge, and marched down the river to Turner's Ferry, ten miles below Campbellstown. Here M'Cook crossed the river, and leaving the Ninth Ohio Cavalry with four guns to guard his pontoon bridge, moved eastward to Palmetto station on the railroad from Atlanta to West Point. Palmetto station is twenty-five miles from Atlanta. The road was torn up for five miles, and the dépôt building, full of commissary stores, was burned. Moving on, the night of the 29th, the command, after a march of nine miles through a drenching rain, came upon the skirts of Fayetteville, and upon a train of rebel wagons. Themselves taken for rebels, they easily surprised and captured the train of nearly a thousand wagons, containing all the baggage of the rebel army at Atlanta. Then Fayetteville (forty miles south of Atlanta) was occupied. At nine A.M., on the 30th, M'Cook struck the Macon road three miles south of Fayetteville; a dépôt was burned and six miles of the road destroyed. At two P.M. the column began its return march, passing through Newman toward the fords of the Chattahoochee. At night, before recrossing White-water Creek northward, a heavy force of rebel cavalry attacked M'Cook's rear under Harrison, driving the latter. Harrison was then supported by the Second and Fourth Indiana, and the enemy was repulsed. The command then halted for the night, and the next morning reached Newman, forty miles from Atlanta, and twelve from the Chattahoochee on the West Point road. Here M'Cook encountered a heavy force of rebel infantry. He fell back and crossed the road 2½ miles below Newman. Shortly afterward the advance-guard—the Fourth Indiana and Second Kentucky—were cut off from the main body and had to fight their way out. Not more than half succeeded in reaching Atlanta. On August 3 General M'Cook returned with 1200 men. His loss in killed, wounded, and missing can not have been less than 1000. It was intended that M'Cook's and Stoneman's commands should effect a junction on the Macon road. Stoneman appears to have met with a determined opposition. Savannah papers announce his arrival with 500 men as prisoners of war at Macon, Georgia.

General Kilpatrick has just returned from a raid on the Macon Road. The details of the expedition are not yet given; it is only known that about a dozen miles of the road have been injured, and that the command has returned uninjured.

From Mobile there is no important intelligence later than that given in last week's record. On pages 568 and 569 we illustrate Admiral Farragut's entrance to Mobile Bay, August 5, giving the disposition of the Federal and Confederate fleets and the situation of the forts and obstructions. At the mouth of the Bay is Dauphin Island, separated from the main land on either side by a strait. It is impossible for a fleet to navigate the western channel, which has only five feet of water. Forts Morgan and Gaines command the eastern channel—Morgan four miles from the island, Gaines upon it. Fort Powell is a mile above Gaines on the island. The only part of the channel free from obstructions and torpedoes was about 1500 yards in front of Fort Morgan. It was through this gateway that Farragut, steaming up so close to the fort as to command its guns, effected his entrance on the morning of the 5th, breakfasting inside the Bay as he told his men he should.

While Farragut was passing the forts Gaines was invested by General Granger by land. After taking Gaines and Powell Farragut and Granger entered upon their operations against Fort Morgan, a formidable fort with a garrison of 1000 men.

ITEMS.

Generals Hovey and Hughes lately encountered the rebel Colonel Adam Johnson's forces at Morganfield, Kentucky, and completely routed them, capturing nineteen prisoners and recapturing a large amount of Government property which had been taken by these guerrillas.

The guerrilla Woodward died at Hopkinsville, Tennessee, August 19. His command is scattered in all directions.

The faculty and trustees of Williams College at its last commencement conferred upon General Benjamin F. Butler the title of Doctor of Laws. This honor from a Massachusetts college to one of the most distinguished and patriotic of Massachusetts citizens will certainly appear to no one inappropriate or unmerited.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

ALL the occasions which a few months since suggested an extensive European war seem now to have disappeared. The Polish insurrection has been quelled; France has been allowed in peace to take possession of Mexico; and the Dano-German difficulties have been definitely settled.

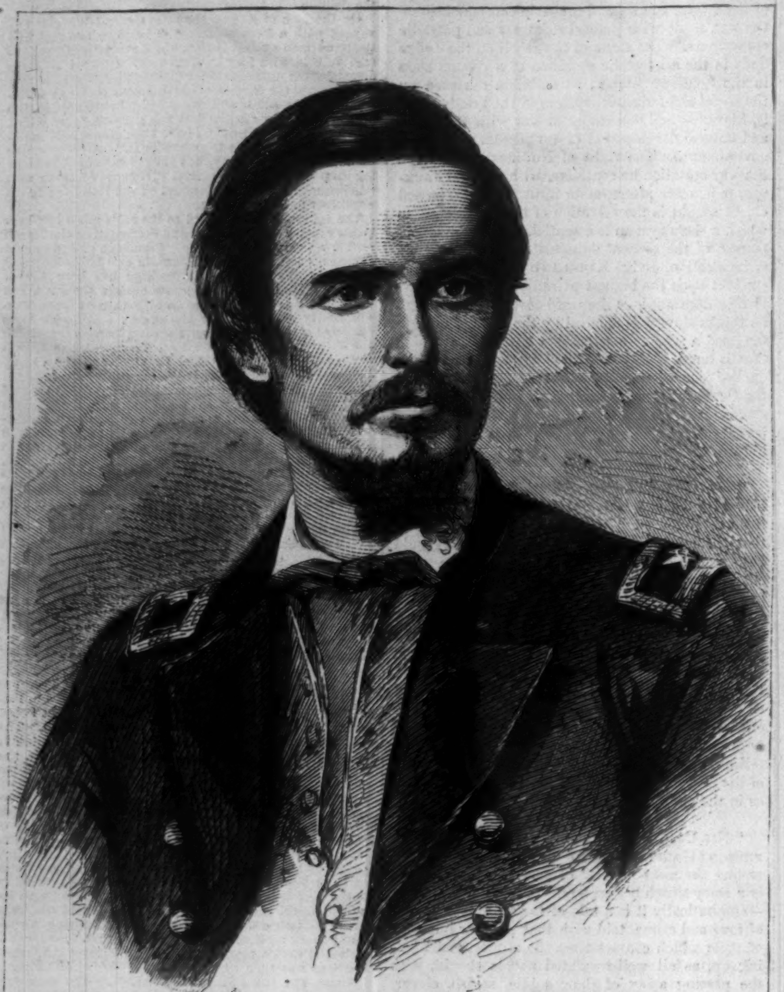
The preliminaries of peace agreed upon between Denmark and the German Allies are the following:

1. King Christian relinquishes his rights over Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg, agreeing to whatever disposition Austria and Russia may make of those provinces; with Schleswig are surrendered all the islands belonging to that Duchy. Denmark also cedes the Jutland possessions south of the District of Ribe, for which Denmark receives an equivalent portion of Schleswig.

2. The debts contracted on account of Denmark proper, or the Duchies, will be borne respectively by either of them. The debts contracted on account of the monarchy will be proportionately divided between Denmark proper and the Duchies, with the exception of the loan contracted in England in 1863, which will be paid by Denmark, and the war expenses of the great German Powers, which will be borne by the Duchies.

3. Both parties agree to an armistice until September 15, contributions no longer being levied on Jutland. The two armies to remain as at present until the treaty is concluded.

4. Prisoners of war are to be set at liberty on giving their paroles.



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL M'COOK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOAG & QUICK, CINCINNATI, O.]

CAPTAIN FRANCIS DE GRESS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. R. GARD, CHICAGO, ILL.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

GENERAL DANIEL M'COOK.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL M'COOK, who lately died of a wound received at Kenesaw Mountain, July 27, and whose portrait is here given, was born July 22, 1834, in Carrollton, Ohio. The following sketch is from a soldier of his brigade:

"General DANIEL M'COOK was the sixth son of the late Major DANIEL M'COOK, who was killed at the battle of Buffington Island, Ohio, on the 21st of July, 1863. He is the third son of this family who have been killed in the war for the Union: CHARLES, aged 17, was killed at Bull Run 21st July, 1861; General ROBERT L. M'COOK, killed while sick in his ambulance August 5, 1862. At the breaking out of the war he was practicing law at Leavenworth, Kansas, a member of the firm of EWING, SHERMAN, & M'COOK. EWING is now a Brigadier-General; and the present gallant commander of the army before Atlanta was the other member. M'COOK raised a Company, called the 'Shields' Guards, and joined the First Kansas Volunteers as Captain of Company H; he remained with his regiment in southwest Missouri until his health failed him; being satisfied he could not undergo the fatigues of long marches, he resigned, to accept that of Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General, and was assigned to his brother's division in General BUELL'S army, where he served with distinction until the evacuation of Corinth by the rebels. At this time he received a commission as Colonel of the Fifty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He soon after marched with his regiment to Lexington, Kentucky.

"When General BUELL advanced from Louisville M'COOK was assigned to the command of a brigade in General GILBERT'S Corps. On going to Nashville his brigade was assigned to General GRANGER'S Division, and formed part of the Reserve Army of the Cumberland. GRANGER'S Division joined ROSECRANS just before the battle of Chicamauga, M'COOK'S Brigade being the first to welcome the veterans of LONGSTREET with Western bullets. In this battle Colonel M'COOK greatly distinguished himself, and was recommended for promotion, which he received two days before his death."

General M'COOK wrote the article in the May number of *Harper's Magazine* headed "Second Division at Shiloh."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—CAPTURE OF A REBEL WAGON TRAIN BY GENERAL M'COOK, NEAR FAYETTEVILLE, GEORGIA, JULY 30, 1864.
SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

THE LATE

JOHN GRIGG, Esq.

In 1816 a young man, twenty-four years of age, came to Philadelphia and assumed the position of a clerk in the Publishing House of Warner & Johnson. His life thus far had been for the most part an adventure. Left an orphan at six in Cornwall, England, he began with the world as a farmer's boy. But there was a spirit of enterprise within him which overleaped the limits of the farm. Looking out upon the sea from the Cornish coast, he thought he saw harvests of brighter promise; and at twelve he began to seek a sailor's fortunes. Soon tired of this field of labor, he came to Richmond, Virginia. Here we find him engaged in a survey of the State before he was yet out of his teens. Leaving Virginia for Ohio, we next find him a clerk in a Judiciary court, and afterward superintendent of a woolen factory.

This young man was John Grigg, Esq., long known as the enterprising Philadelphia publisher and bookseller, and whose portrait is here given. He came to Philadelphia, as we have said, at the age of twenty-four. Here he resided until his death, August 2, 1864. Serving Warner & Johnson seven years as a clerk, he, in 1823, commenced publishing on his own account, securing immediately the patronage of the firm with which he had been connected, and which, by the death of Warner, had been dissolved. He had closed up the business of this firm, and his sagacity and perfect integrity soon built up his own fortunes. In eight years his business was so large that he was induced to take Mr. Hugh Elliott as partner. In 1847 three younger partners were also introduced. In 1850 Grigg & Elliott sold out to their juniors, Messrs. Lippincott & Willis, and the firm was styled J. B. Lippincott & Co.

At his retirement Mr. Grigg was fifty-eight years of age. He was married to Miss M'Clellan, sister of the celebrated surgeon, and aunt of General George B. M'Clellan. He was a man possessed of a very genial disposition—as characteristic for positive benevolence as for good-humor. Although a millionaire, the modesty of his youth never gave place to the swaggering boldness or the curt manners which so frequently distinguish the very wealthy. Money only gave him the opportunity to exhibit the inherent nobility of his nature. For the most winning traits of his character he was known only to associates, but his public spirit endeared him to all.

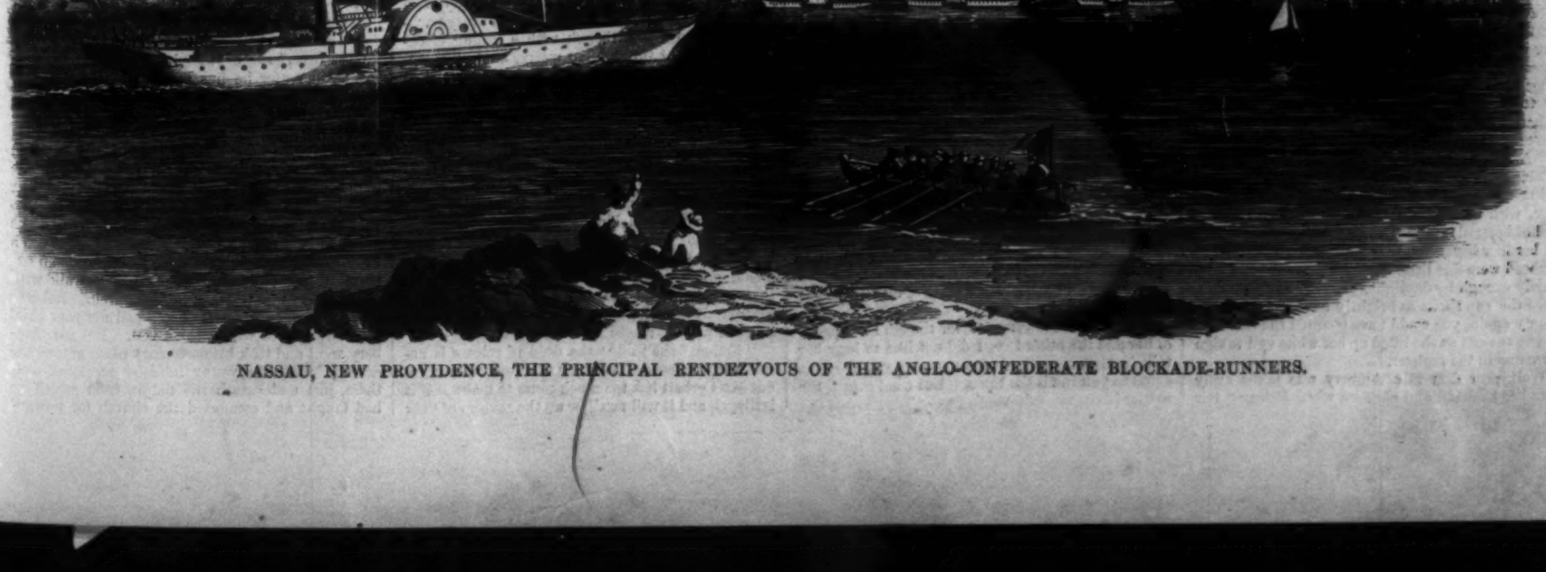
Mr. Grigg was also a man of cultivated tastes. Music and poetry delighted him, and in the latter his judgment was very good. But the strong development of his understanding gave him a keen relish for history and biography. And, as in all cases where the judgment is superior, his memory was remarkable. It was in immediate connection with these mental characteristics that those habits of method were developed which, though they never create, yet chiefly secure and regulate success.

After he retired from the publishing business he was engaged until his death as a private banker, and in the management of his large fortune, which included real estate in Philadelphia, Illinois, and Mississippi. But he was always especially interested in the Book Trade, with which his fortunes had been so intimately connected. He died at the age of seventy-two, leaving many friends to mourn his loss, and leaving on record an example not only of enviable success but of inestimable worth.

THE LATE JOHN GRIGG, ESQ.

NASSAU, N. P.

Nassau, New Providence, of which we give a view on this page, is a point of great interest at this time as the principal rendezvous of the Anglo-Confederate blockade-runners. A correspondent says of the place: "The enterprise of British merchants"—an enterprise, we may remark, which no honorable nation would care to justify—"has lined its quays with long, light-colored, rakish-looking steamers, discharging their rich freights of cotton that have run the gauntlet through the Federal cruisers off Wilmington. The voyage from the



NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, THE PRINCIPAL RENDEZVOUS OF THE ANGLO-CONFEDERATE BLOCKADE-RUNNERS.

Confederate States to Nassau averages about fifty hours; but these fifty hours are crowded with an excitement that a voyage of fifty days would fail in producing. From the time of leaving Cape Fear River, Wilmington, to the time of sighting Nassau and getting into British waters, these craft are never safe from being overhauled by a Northern man-of-war. Nassau is the point whence most of the blockaders start with the cargoes destined for the Southern Confederacy, and it is here that they return with their bales of Sea Island and Upland cotton, which they have obtained in exchange for the rifles, blankets, and shoes so much needed by the Southern soldier. The climate of the Bahamas, of which New Providence is one of the group, is almost tropical; oranges, shaddocks, bananas, cocoanuts, pine-apples, and many other varieties of fruit abound, and the diversity of foliage in which the charming bungalow residences are embedded is most attractive." The population of the town is about 10,000.

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

On our first page and on page 564 we give illustrations of General SHERMAN'S campaign. The sketch on the first page represents General SHERMAN holding a council of war at WOOD'S head-quarters. General SHERMAN holds his councils of war with himself. The different generals seem to listen rather than to suggest. The General speaks his thoughts aloud, and the words uttered on this occasion disclose the movement that he has in his mind for some day in the future.

On page 564 we illustrate the capture of the rebel wagon-train by General EDWARD M'COOK. A full description of the incident will be found in our news column. General M'COOK has made the only raid in the rear of Atlanta that has any semblance of a success. He succeeded in destroying the Macon Road for a short distance, and burned a considerable number of wagons, which were mostly head-quarter trains. His escape from the trap set for him, and the gallant manner in which he cut himself out, are spoken of with pride by the army.

Captain DE GRESS, whose portrait is given on page 564, commands Battery H, First Illinois Artillery. The following gallant action is thus recorded by our correspondent: On the 22d of July the battery of Captain DE GRESS was placed by order of General SHERMAN in such a position as to throw shells from his 20-pounders into Atlanta. The rebels came charging through the railroad cut to the left of the battery. The supports gave way. DE GRESS saw at once that his guns were gone. He directly ordered his guns pointed left oblique, and gave the charging rebels double canister, at the rate of four rounds per minute. Soon he had two of his guns spiked, and ordered his men to get away, remaining himself with one sergeant (PETER WYMAN), using one gun as rapidly as possible. Still the enemy came on, and when within less than twenty steps an officer called to him to surrender. DE GRESS, who stood with the lanyard of either gun in his hands, shouted, "Certainly, come on!" at the same moment discharging his two guns, and called to WYMAN, who stood with pincers and spikes, to spike under the cover of the smoke and get away. DE GRESS saw the spike driven into the last gun, and as he started a storm of shot was sent after him. The sergeant was killed, but DE GRESS escaped uninjured. General LOGAN, who was coming up at the head of Colonel MARTIN'S brigade, was met by DE GRESS, who told the General that his guns were lost. "Oh no, Captain," said the General, "WOOD'S guns have been turned upon the horses of your battery, and I think that those chaps will hardly get them away before I have this brigade charging clear over them." In less than a quarter of an hour DE GRESS, who had gone up with the charging column, was busy drawing the spike of one of his guns, which was very soon sending canister into the retreating rebels, the infantry officers near acting as cannoniers under the direction of Captain DE GRESS, who has met with the sincere applause of the general officers who witnessed his gallantry. Captain DE GRESS is a young officer of French extraction, and is considered the finest artillerist in the Army of the Tennessee.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

"MY dears," I said to the three children I had nursed and reared for upward of fifteen years, till the eldest was a grown-up young lady of eighteen—"my dears, mother is getting a poor weakly old body, and there's no one to mind her and the shop at home, and I am afraid I shall have to leave you. It would break my heart to go if our house wasn't in the same street, and I can see you every day. But I can never say good-by to you, so I'll run away early some morning."

Of course I waited till they could hire a new servant, a long lanky girl that moved slowly about the house, and took no interest in any thing; and even then, though I was badly wanted at home, I could hardly find it in my heart to tear myself away from the children and the old master, who was getting infirm and weakly, like mother; for he was in years when he married, being a minister on a middling sort of a salary, and he had made up his mind not to venture upon the expenses of a family till he had saved five thousand dollars clear, so that he was upward of forty before he had gathered all that sum together. Mrs. Ambery, poor dear, had been waiting for him ever since she was a girl of twenty, and he only five years older; waiting all that weary time, with an ache and pain at her heart as her girlhood passed by and the prime of her years faded, till her hair began to grow gray, and all across her forehead were fine little wrinkles that could be seen plainly enough by daylight. On her wedding-day, when the sun shone as brightly as if she was only twenty again, you could have counted the lines one by one as soon as she lifted up her white veil to sign her name in the register.

Well, poor dear Mrs. Ambery was taken away from her husband and children when Rebecca, her eldest, was just eight years old. The little children sat in the pew with their father on the Sunday night when the pastor from another church preached Mrs. Ambery's funeral sermon, and every body wept, and said it was a very affecting occasion. There was the grave child Rebecca, and pretty Katie, just turned six, and little delicate Nellie, not quite four; while Mr. Ambery, who had never looked a young man, seemed stricken fully ten years older by the death of his Catherine.

About two years after Mrs. Ambery's death my old master called me into his study one night after the children were gone to bed. "Mary," said he—he was sitting by the fire, stooping badly—"Mary, come forward and sit down by the fire. I want to speak with you."

I crossed the room and sat down as he bade me, and as I looked into his face, which was greatly troubled, I saw the tears standing in his eyes.

"Mary," he said, wiping his eyes, "I've been pastor of this church ever since I was eight-and-twenty years of age, and from time to time my income has been raised. It has been a little hard upon the members, perhaps, to raise the salary, for they are not rich people, and our dependence has been upon the pew-rents. But for the last two years—since *that* time, Mary—the congregation has been dwindling away before my eyes. God knows I have done my best, though His hand is heavy upon me. But it is hinted to me quietly, not officially, that my people wish me to give place to a younger and more energetic man. They would give me a pension of two hundred dollars a year, and obtain for me a further sum from a fund for aged and disabled ministers, upon which income they want me to retire."

"I wouldn't do it, Sir," I answered, warmly; "they can not turn you out, and that sum would never keep you and the three children respectably."

"Nay," said the minister, "I dare not refuse; my spirit is broken, and shrinks from conflict. Moreover, Mary, I am not solely dependent upon my ministerial income. I have private property which brings me in over two hundred dollars a year."

In the course of a few months we retired upon a pension, and as our income was a good deal lessened, I gave the other servant notice, and we settled down in a small but well-looking house, a little back from the street, in as respectable a part of the town as one could desire, with the little shop of confectionery, which my mother kept herself by, not more than a stone's-throw off.

Rebecca was quite a pattern of a child, the very picture of her poor dead mother, with fine little lines upon her forehead before she was twelve years old, and a careful look in her face as if she was saving up the very fun and mirth a child ought to have. Never was any young creature so strait-handed and sparing; even while she was small enough to have a doll she stinted and contrived for it like a full-grown mother. Katie and Nellie were merry little romps, like other children, and a very sore exercise of spirit were they often and often to Rebecca.

It was five years since I left the children. Katie was gone out as a governess; and Mr. Ambery had sunk further into an infirm old age, and left every thing to Rebecca. She grew more saving than ever; and though she gave away a tenth of their income to charity and religion, because she believed it to be right to do so, it was quite as a bargain with Providence that no losses through ill-health or misfortunes should come upon them. She would scarcely spend a farthing upon herself. She wore no flowers, or flounces, or ribbons, like other girls; yet with all that, and the fine faint lines upon her face—which nobody could see so well as I did, who knew her poor dear mother—she was by far the prettiest young lady that attended our church, when Katie was away.

The young minister—the second since Mr. Ambery resigned—took a fancy to Rebecca. It was edifying, even to me who knew her little faults, to see her at public worship, with her dark eyes downcast, and the beautiful long lashes lying over on her cheeks, as still and quiet as on a baby's sleeping face. The minister never caught her eye wandering, nor even lifted up to himself, until he read out his text, and then they fixed on him with a steady, serious gaze, as if he was some angel from heaven, who could have no earthly thoughts of love or any thing of that sort.

Early one morning, while I was mixing my dough for the breakfast-rolls, the shop-bell rang furiously, and who should rush through into my bake-house but Rebecca, with nothing on her head save a shawl! There she stood, gasping for breath, with her hand pressed against her bosom, and her large dark eyes looking larger and blacker from the ashy paleness of her face. My own heart beat at the sight of her till I could not speak, and we stood staring at one another in silence, as if the last day was come.

"Your father," I gasped out at last.

"He is asleep," she muttered with difficulty; "I haven't told him nor Nellie."

"Katie!" I cried.

"No, no," she answered, "she is all right." And I leaned my head down upon my floury hands, and cried for very joy; for I had thought of nothing but that one of them was dead.

So I took Rebecca into my little kitchen, all trembling and shivering as she was, and set her down in my mother's arm-chair upon the hearth, keeping her hand pressed hard upon her heart to quiet its beating, till the color began to come back into her face, and the sobs died away so that she could speak.

"Mary," she said, in a grand reasoning sort of way, as if she was setting me up for a judge, "you have known us all our lives. Have we ever been like other girls, flaunting, and idle, and extravagant? Have I not kept myself and my sisters aloof from all evil as carefully as my mother would have done? I have given a tenth of all our income to the poor."

"My dear," I interrupted, for though I was proud of her and the other two, I did not like to hear her talk in that manner, "there are no young ladies equal to you in all the town. But what ever is the matter?"

"Listen," she said, and she read to me a lawyer's letter, with a great many whereases and notwithstandings in it; but the pith of it, as I could make it out, was, that the old scoundrel, Mr. Corbett, gave notice to Mr. Ambery that he had the sum of five thousand dollars to pay on that day six months. Red as my face was from the heat of the oven I felt it going as pale as Rebecca's own.

"My dear," I whispered, for it seemed too dreadful to speak about loud, "how is it? What is the meaning of it?"

"I hardly know," she said; "all I can understand is, that my father was made a trustee to a marriage-settlement belonging to a cousin of Mr. Corbett's more than thirty years ago; and this money was left in my father's hands, or Mr. Corbett is trying to make out that it was."

We sat speechless some minutes after that, till Rebecca burst out again crying and wringing her hands.

"Oh, I wish I was a man!" she sobbed.

"Why does he come upon us now, after all these years?" I asked.

"His cousin is just dead," she answered. "Mr. Corbett is executor of his will, and is winding up his affairs, I suppose."

There were no breakfast-rolls made that morning. I went down home with Rebecca, and she carried her father's breakfast up stairs to bed as usual, and we waited as patiently as we could till he was dressed and had finished his own private prayers, which seemed longer than ever that day. But he came down stairs at length, looking so calm and tranquil, with his thin white hair brushed back from his kindly face, that the moment Rebecca saw him she ran and threw her arms round his neck, and leaning her head upon his breast, wept there as she had never done before.

We should have told Mr. Ambery at once, for Rebecca's strange conduct alarmed him, but his first thought, like mine, was that something had happened to Katie. There was a letter from the child to her eldest sister left unopened on the table, for the lawyer's letter had caught Rebecca's eye first; but now she broke the seal, and read it out aloud in a dry hard voice—such a letter! for it had been written in a merry, yet timid, fluttering confidence, telling what the young creature scarcely dared to confess to herself, that away from home and all of us, she had found some one whom she could love better than us all. And there stood Rebecca, reading it out before every body, hardly knowing what the sense was; and just folding it up like a common letter when she had finished it.

"But listen to this, father," she said, tossing Katie's letter aside like a useless thing, and while the father was dwelling upon his child's words, Rebecca read the dreadful notice in a clear and distinct voice, as if it were a sermon. Mr. Ambery did not hearken at first, but as she went on he fixed his eyes upon her, and a look of vexation and anxiety settled on his face.

"My love," he said, almost peevishly, "I never touched that money in my life."

"Then what does all this mean?" asked Rebecca.

"I don't know what it means," he answered, in a helpless manner. "I do just remember Mary Corbett. Yes, she married Thompson, who went to college with me, but took to some business afterward. I was trustee to her marriage-settlement, and John Ward was the other. If either of the trustees had the money in his hands it was Ward, but he died years ago. They are all dead now."

"But, father," said Rebecca, who had a good head for business matters, "the money would be invested in some way or paid into a bank, and you would get some receipt or acknowledgment for it. Just try to recollect."

"Ah!" he cried, after a few minutes' thought, "I remember Ward bringing me a document, which he said was a deed of release. But it is thirty years ago, and I must have put it into some place of safety. We must find it, and send it to Mr. Corbett."

The finding was easier to speak of than to do. Mr. Ambery had been writing sermons ever since he was twenty; and as if he had been one of those Turks I heard of at a missionary meeting who think it a sin to destroy a bit of paper, and I thought of the master the moment they were mentioned; he had kept every sermon and writing of his own, as though they were sacred, precious things. Also, he had kept every letter he had received. Ah! there were all his wife's letters, for all the weary years they were waiting, tied up in packets for each twelve months; and Rebecca's white face, with the lines growing harder and plainer upon it, bent over them anxiously, as she unfolded one after another, to see if peradventure the costly document was among them. We were the more certain that the master had never made away with it, from the very numbers of the papers that were stored away in one place or another; even to a little closet under the eaves, so full that when the door was opened the bundles of yellow sermons rolled out along the passage floor. But Rebecca sought perseveringly; and when she had searched in vain through every packet, she began again, though with a feeling of despair, and went through her wearisome task a second time, so sure were we all that Mr. Ambery had put the deed in safety somewhere.

I did not tell Rebecca, but some ugly reports were being whispered about the town, and I wondered how the matter got abroad. Even the members of the church began to ask where the old minister's money came from.

We were sitting all together that night after evening prayer, and Mr. Ambery was smoking his pipe as peacefully as if there was neither sorrow nor care in the world, when Rebecca laid aside her mending—she always seemed to be mending rather than making—and she spoke in a hard, decisive manner, as though she had quite made up her mind how the present misfortune should be managed.

"Father," she said, "the deed of release is nowhere in the house. The claim is unjust and wicked, but Mr. Corbett has too much sense to make it if it is illegal, and it will swallow up the savings of your lifetime. I see only one way to escape out of our difficulty."

"My love," said her father, laying down his pipe, and folding his hands one over the other, as he looked into her anxious face, so like Mrs. Ambery's, "your poor mother and I denied ourselves all the joys and pleasures of youth to gather this money together for you children. It was a great sacrifice, and I would not lose the fruit of it willingly. What am I to do?"

"The money is your own, father," she answered, "but you can not keep it as yours. Give it to us children at once. Withdraw it from your investment, and make a gift of it in equal shares to us three. They could take it away from you, but not from us."

"And what will they do to me?" asked the old man.

"They may make you a bankrupt," she cried, rising and flinging her arms round his neck, "but we shall love you more, and all good people will not honor you less."

"Rebecca," said Mr. Ambery, "this morning Mr. Craig came hither to tell me that evil reports have arisen. They say that I have possessed myself of this money fraudulently, and already a church meeting is decided upon to investigate my conduct. My good name is more precious to me than gold or silver. What think you, my daughter? If I consent to do this thing which you propose, could I lift up my face before the congregation, or raise my voice in the church to deny this charge? Shall I say, 'My money is justly my own, but I can not prove it so, and to save it from being wrested from me, whether I came by it honestly or dishonestly, I have given it over unto my children; let the accuser take what he can?' Rebecca, you shall decide this thing."

Not a word had Rebecca heard before either of the scandal or the church meeting, and as her father spoke of them she stood before him as if turned into stone, with clenched hands, and lips half open, and forehead furrowed with deep, dreadful thoughts. It was terrible to her pride to think of her father bearing the name of bankrupt, but the blot of dishonesty was a thousand times harder, and she had to weigh pride and dishonor against the long growing of a love and care for money. All of us looking upon her knew that she was wrestling with temptation, and we held our breath, and turned away our eyes, whispering low down in our inmost spirits a prayer for her. There was a long, long silence, while we neither moved nor sighed, and there was no sound but the crackling of the embers in the grate as they wasted away in the consuming flame.

"Father," cried Rebecca, throwing herself on her knees beside him, "I've loved this money; oh! I've loved it more than I knew myself. You laid it up for us, saving it from your own youth to make ours easier, and must the thief break through and steal the treasure? Well, let it go. Any thing to keep your good name free. I will love no money again."

I never saw the young creature, who had grown old before her time, look so radiant and youthful as she knelt there, smiling bravely into her father's face. Mr. Craig would have given something for that vision, I guess. We drew a long breath of relief and gladness, and spoke no more of the trouble that night.

The very next day Joshua Lamb, Mr. Corbett's clerk, came in to buy a cheese-cake or two after his dinner, and as I had my own purpose to serve (no doubt he, being a lawyer's clerk, had his also), I invited him to step into my kitchen, and made myself agreeable to him. A man, even if he is a lawyer's clerk, is sometimes outwitted by a woman, and by-and-by my gentleman began talking in a very low and confidential tone, leaning over the small round table between us, till I almost drew back from him, only I was too wary for that.

The day the church meeting was to be held Katie came home for the Michaelmas holidays. We had told her nothing, and I suppose little notice had been taken of her confidential letter to Rebecca, for when we were alone together (she and I) she pouted, and blushed up to the roots of her hair, and then hid her face upon my shoulder.

"*You* will care about it," she murmured, "though Rebecca doesn't, because she intends to be an old maid herself. Oh, he is such a darling! And you're not to suppose you are going to step over my head, if you do go and marry Joshua Lamb, and have that lovely carpet of fern-leaves. I'll be higher than you yet. If you marry the clerk I'll marry the master!"

"My dear," I cried, thinking of that awful scoundrel, Mr. Corbett, "don't make a jest of such a dreadful thing."

"But I will make a jest of it," she said, "and it isn't dreadful to be married, you best of old maids. We'll work Joshua just as hard whether you marry him or not, and Harry shall have fine times with doing nothing but mind me. Why, Mary, aren't you glad for me to settle down at home among you all?"

"But who is Harry?" I asked.

"The nephew of Mr. Corbett, the great rich lawyer here," she answered. "He is to become his partner now he has finished his law studies, and we are to be quite grand, you know. Why, Harry's father died a little time ago, and left him I don't know how much money."

I felt sick at heart to hear Katie rattle on about Harry Thompson and his uncle; but I could not gather up strength to tell her about the trouble at home, just then in the first glee of coming back to us. So in the evening we only told her there was going to be a church meeting, and as I had been a member of the church for some years, to be an example to my children I went down to walk with Mr. Ambery and Rebecca to the church. Rebecca and I took our seats quite back, and my poor child covered her face with a thick veil. But Mr. Ambery went and took his customary place among the deacons, with the young minister presiding over them, just underneath the pulpit, from which he had taught and comforted the church for upward

of thirty years. The very sight of his white head, tremulous and bowed down with age, and not with dishonor, ought to have stricken them into shame, and I did see several, who were getting on in life themselves, hide their faces for a minute or two in their hands, as if they were saying a second prayer on his behalf alone.

There was a long stifling hush after all the usual work was over, so dreadful that all our hearts throbbed and fluttered painfully, while we gazed with fixed eyes upon our young minister. You could see him shiver; you could catch the light falling upon big tears which forced their way through the fingers of his hand covering his eyes; you could almost hear the muttered words that rose to his lips, and were choked back again to his heart by his sobs. Every one of us except Rebecca gazed upon him awe-stricken, and a sigh, that sounded like a sorrowful wailing, rolled round the church as he stretched out his trembling hand toward the old pastor.

"Brethren," he cried, "I can not! I can not! You ask me to sit in judgment upon a father. God knows I have looked upon Mr. Ambery as a most revered father. Choose one from among yourselves to take this place."

He left it as he spoke, and, stepping down into the aisle, took a seat in the minister's pew. There was a stirring and rustling of the motionless figure beside me, and I saw Rebecca glance once at the minister's averted face. The deacons looked at one another in confusion and bewilderment, not knowing how to choose, and there ran a whispering from pew to pew; but before any person had found courage to speak Mr. Ambery rose from his seat, and, with tottering steps, moved to the minister's chair, and, standing for a moment to look round with a faint glimmer of a smile, sank down into it, leaning his silvery head against the purple cloth with which it was covered. He had always taken the vacant chair whenever our minister was absent; but could he sit in judgment upon himself? I kept my eyes fixed upon him, but his face was as tranquil and bright as was Stephen's in his hour of false accusation; and while yet the church hesitated, he lifted up his voice, clear though feeble, and said, "Brethren, proceed with the matter in hand. Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters?" One of the deacons—I mention no names—stated that thirty years ago, when the sum in question must have passed into Mr. Ambery's hands, it was found that he had invested the same amount in a mortgage upon a church, which he proved by a letter from one of the trustees of that church.

Mr. Ambery listened attentively, but with a strange sad air of perplexity upon his face; and when the speaker came to a pause he answered nothing, but glanced round uneasily as if for some one else to speak. After a dreadful pause, he rose and drew himself up to his full height, stretching out his arms toward them with a look of tender entreaty, while his voice, thin and quavering, fell upon our hearkening ears.

"My people," he said, "it is I who have baptized you; these hands have broken the bread of communion among you; night and day have I borne the burden of your souls before the throne."

He paused there tremulously, and a profound stillness and shame fell upon the church.

"You ask me how I saved that money," he cried. "I tell you I denied myself every thing that is desirable and pleasant to a man. I gave hunger, and famine, and loneliness, and labor for it. Catherine herself trod upon the verge of starvation to snatch it from the poverty which threatened us. I tell you men like you know not what self-denial is. We paid our full price of suffering for every portion of it. Behold now, here I am, old and gray-headed, before you: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed; whom have I defrauded? or whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it to you."

He stood before us with his hand upraised, and his eyes flashing back our earnest gaze; but before one could move the fire faded away from his face, and with a low bitter cry, which tingled in our ears, he sank down upon the floor, as one suddenly stricken by the hand of God.

Yes, stricken, but with a very gentle stroke: paralyzed down one side, yet with his mind and his speech spared to him, or rather restored after a few days' lethargy. There was nothing marvelous about it after the great excitement and emotion of the troublous days; but there were some who, when the first shock was over, were not afraid to say there was a judgment in it. There was no other church meeting held, though nothing had been decided at the first; and still every one was reckoning and calculating whether the money could have been honestly gathered, or was, as Mr. Corbett's friends asserted, this very sum for which Mr. Ambery was trustee. And there was a great division of opinion in the church about it.

Of course we were compelled to tell Katie all; and never did a more woeful change pass over any young creature. She had come home to us a rosy, merry, sunny girl, such as it delighted my eyes to see, after bearing the burden of Rebecca's carefulness and anxiety; but in that single day Katie grew blenched and sorrow-worn, as if the iron entered into her soul. No delay or dallying she allowed herself, but wrote at once to Harry Thompson, bidding him to find out the treachery practiced upon her father, or to see her face no more; and then she closed her lips in utter silence about him, and going about the house the two or three days she was with us with downcast head and sunless face, it almost broke my heart to watch her.

There was nothing that I could not do for the children. It is no light thing for a woman of forty to think of marriage; but I sat down and mused upon Jóshua Lamb's house, and carpet, and furniture, until I reached out the writing-desk my children had given me, and wrote a note on a sheet of gilt-edged paper, inviting Joshua to come to supper that evening. I never saw a man relish any thing more than he did the meal which I set before him, well cooked by myself, for he had miserable sort of cookery at home, in spite of his drawing-room; and when he was satisfied he leaned back in the arm-chair and regarded me with a very earnest and grave countenance.

"Mary," said he, with a deep sigh, "how long are you going to make me uncomfortable?"

"Why, Mr. Lamb," I answered, innocently, "I'm sure I'm making you as comfortable as I can."

"Nay, Mary," he said, "you understand me well enough. Will you become my wife?"

He had never spoken so plain before; and though that was just what I was wanting to bring him to, there went a dither all through me as he spoke the words.

"Joshua," I said, after a while, "I'll make a bargain with you, and a promise. If you'll find out this roguery of Mr. Corbett's I'll be married to you as soon as ever you choose to ask me afterward."

Till the very last day I expected that the deed might be found, or Mr. Corbett's heart be changed; but nothing happened. Rebecca wrote to Mr. Corbett, requesting him to come and receive the money in her father's presence; Mr. Craig and the long-headed deacon were asked to be present likewise; and Rebecca insisted upon me staying with her in the old minister's sick room.

Mr. Corbett entered the chamber with the air of an apostle, ready to give every one of us his blessing. The long-headed deacon shook hands with him heartily; and I suppose Mr. Craig felt it to be his duty to submit to take his offered hand. But when he turned to old Mr. Ambery, who lay propped up on pillows, his thin, trembling fingers grasping a roll of bank-notes which fluttered in his hold, the tears ran down his white and furrowed cheeks. Rebecca stepped forward and placed herself between him and the smiling villain.

"Be quick," she said, with a flash of the lightning in her eyes; "finish your iniquitous work and go your way. But take you this word from me, The Lord God of recompenses, He will requite."

He shrank back, and muttered some words we could not catch; and Rebecca, taking the bank-notes from her father's feeble hand, counted them out one by one before him, the look of scorn gathering more and more upon her face, like the thick thunder-cloud. When that was ended, and the deed of release given in due form, she crossed the room without another word, and, throwing wide the door, beckoned to them to depart at once, and in silence. Even Mr. Craig withdrew, after casting one beseeching look at the white-faced, haughty woman, who closed the door with a snap, as if it would never be opened to any one of them again. I also went home, and wrote a letter upon black-edged paper to Joshua Lamb, bidding him never to think of such a thing as crossing my door-step any more.

Mr. Craig continued constant in his visits, and at times won a little softening regard from Rebecca, which kept him on the verge of hope, just balanced between that and despair. But we found out long afterward that Katie could not help relenting toward Harry Thompson; and they were carrying on a correspondence of heart-breaking letters about their circumstances, which comforted and cheered them very much. As for Joshua, he would as soon have dared to venture into a lion's den as to enter into my shop either for sugar-candy or cheese-cakes.

Many a person would say it was my fancy; but ever after that day, when he took the minister's money, Mr. Corbett shrank, and paled, and dwindled away before my eyes, until whenever he went down the street, with the woeful shadow behind him smiting upon its breast, each time I saw the life slowly dying out of him, like the light goes out of the sky on a summer's evening. I noticed him muffling up more and more, and walking with feebler tread; and then there came a faint, hollow cough, which sometimes made him press his hand against his side.

It was getting on for twelve months after Rebecca and her father had paid away their treasured savings, when one day, in the dusk of the evening, Joshua Lamb tapped meekly upon my counter; but, before I could open my lips to order him off my premises, he began to speak glibly but humbly enough, not giving me room to put in one word, until he had told me that Mr. Corbett was getting worse and worse, and wanted to see Rebecca.

I may as well be straightforward, if Joshua Lamb and Mr. Corbett were not. After some hanging back, she consented; but would not go without me. We were shown into Corbett's lonely parlor, where he sat amidst the gloom of crimson curtains, which cast a kind of rosy glow upon his white face. They could not conceal the wasted cheeks and sunken eyes, nor the glance of mingled despair, and shame, and agony with which he met Rebecca's steadfast gaze.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, smiling; for he was that cunning yet that he could read one's very thoughts; "thank you, but never mind. Sit down, you and Miss Ambery; you would rather not shake hands with me. I am troubled about the old minister; he is an aged man, and he thinks he has something against me. Miss Ambery, I should die easier, and I know I am dying, if you would receive that money back again from me as a gift."

Rebecca did not answer for a minute or two; while Mr. Corbett drew out a large pocket-book, and took from it a number of notes, counting them aloud one by one. I knew how poor we were, and I felt dazed and giddy for very joy.

"No," said Rebecca, "I will not take them; they are the price of my father's good name. I will accept no gift from you, Mr. Corbett."

A spasm shot across his face, and he laid his worn hand upon his heaving chest, as if to strengthen him to speak again.

"Rebecca," he said, "I have known you since you were a little child, and I can not bear for you, and Katie, and Nellie to come to want. I would rather give you the money than leave it in my will. Take more money. Take five thousand dollars apiece if you will have it. Take it, and I will consent for Harry to marry Katie." Rebecca stood up in her place calm and resolute, though her eyes were fastened upon the rustling bank-notes in Mr. Corbett's hand; while he watched her face eagerly, as if his soul's salvation rested upon her answer. She smiled at length, half in scorn, and half in triumph.

"It is a great bribe," she said, "and I loved money once, but it has no power over me now. Give me back my father's good name, and I will listen to you; but till then you may go on to offer me your worthless money and I will say no to the last."

"Rebecca," he cried, looking affrighted at her, "give me your solemn promise that you will not betray me, and I will tell you."

"I will hear nothing that I can not make known," she answered. "What you have to tell you shall write down, that it may be made known to the world after your death. So far I consent. Only let my father's name be righted, and I care very little about the money. May God have pity upon you, Mr. Corbett!"

He was too feeble to answer her any thing; and I ran and made the pillows soft and easy under his head before we turned to go away. Even Rebecca stepped up to his side and took his languid hand for a moment in her own.

"Stay," he cried, gasping for breath, and he closed his fingers over hers, though he had not the strength of a baby, "you shall write it for me; only keep my secret till I am gone."

So Rebecca sat down at the table beside him, neither trembling nor faltering, and waited with her steadfast piercing eyes resting upon him, until he recovered himself; and receiving our solemn promises to keep his secret, he bade her what she should write upon the paper. It was to this effect: When Mr. Ambery resigned his office of pastor to the church, the trust-deeds, with other law papers belonging to the church, had been given over to Mr. Corbett's care, and that among them he discovered the lost deed of release, which the minister had kept with them, though belonging to his own private affairs. Furthermore, that when Mr. Thompson died, who was the last person then living that could bear testimony for Mr. Ambery, he had been tempted of Satan to claim the moneys from him. The wretched man spoke clearly, and Rebecca wrote it down with a firm hand. Whereupon he rang and ordered Joshua Lamb to his presence, and without reading the paper to him he signed it, and bade him put his name to it as a witness. After which, with the precious paper in our own possession, we returned home rejoicing.

Mr. Corbett died at last without much feeling, either of body or mind, as most people do, whether they be saints or sinners: and the following Monday, being the ordinary monthly church meeting, Rebecca sent that paper to Mr. Craig for him to read before the assembly of the church.

She and I had never been to a church meeting since the charge was brought against Mr. Ambery; nor did we go to that. We were sitting together in Mr. Ambery's chamber, Rebecca near the window, looking up to the evening sky so peacefully that there was no line of grief or care upon her face, when through the quiet house there rang a loud and earnest peal, which caused us all to start with affright, and I ran down stairs hastily to open the front door. There in the street stood the assembled church, with Mr. Craig at their head, and all the deacons pressing close after him, eager to follow him in. Mr. Craig put me gently on one side, and marched straight on with his company up into the minister's long deserted and desolate chamber. There was little need of speech. The weeping church, tongue-tied with shame and sorrow, yet smiling amidst its tears, crowded round the old pastor's bed, begging pardon in sobs and choking words, until the long-headed deacon called upon Mr. Craig to be their spokesman. He went forward before them all, and standing for a minute or two speechless beside Mr. Ambery, while every body was looking to him to confess their sorrow, he could do nothing else but stoop down and press his lips reverently and tenderly upon the old man's wrinkled forehead.

I saw that when he lifted up his head his eyes met Rebecca's, and a glow and a flush, strange to both those grave faces, flashed across them for a moment. He lingered till all the church had departed, even to the deacons, and the last sound of footsteps had died out of the house. But as Rebecca, shrinking and nervous, was creeping away stealthily from his presence, he placed himself in her way, and took both her hands in his.

"Rebecca," he said, speaking before her father and me, "do you love me?"

"Yes," she answered, hanging down her head.

"I am a poor man," he said, "and we may have to wait long."

"We will wait," she whispered, as Catherine, her mother, might have done many years to this aged, bedridden man, who then stood before her as her lover. Mr. Craig laid his lips upon hers with as much reverence and tenderness, but with more passion, maybe, as when he had kissed her father beforehand; but I, knowing the mother's sorrowful, shortened life of toil and care, turned aside heart-sore for the two young creatures before me.

But their lot in life was to be easier than Mr. Ambery's and Catherine's. When Mr. Corbett's will was opened, though it made no mention of the paper which owned to one of his crimes of dishonesty and oppression, it contained a codicil which left five thousand dollars apiece to the minister's three daughters, and it revoked the condition that Harry Thompson should inherit his wealth only if he gave up his marriage with Katie.

Before many months were past Rebecca became the young minister's wife; and Katie only waited for a year or two more of discretion. Joshua Lamb professes to charge me with breaking my word, but my bargain with him was plainly enough that he himself should find out the trickery about the deed of release. At times I feel a little heart-sinking, lest he should bring an action against me for breach of promise of marriage; but he has nothing to show save those two little notes I wrote to him; and I feel there would be very little hope of happiness in marriage if I had to be upon my guard all my life long.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"No man was better inoculated to prejudge pork than my husband was," says Mrs. Partington; "he knew what good hogs were, he did, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood."

At the Durham assizes a deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter. "What will you take?" asked the gentleman in the bob-tailed wig of the old lady. The old lady shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury, in confidence, that she was "very hard o' hearin'." "His lordship wants to know what you will take?" asked the learned counsel again, this time bawling as loud as he could in the old lady's ear. "I thank his lordship kindly," said the ancient dame, "and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale."

"Home, Sweet Home."—Acclimatization is all very well in its way; but it is no joke, on rising to the surface, after taking a header, to find a lively hippopotamus as your companion in the bath.

"How thankful we ought to be for the many good things which are provided for us to enjoy!" said a gentleman at a city dinner the other day. "The beasts of the earth, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea," he continued, "were all created for the use of man." "Very true," replied his friend; "but if you had witnessed the hair-breadth escape which I experienced of being devoured alive by a shark, when in the West Indies, you would have been satisfied that the horrible monster entertained just the opposite opinion. He believed that man was created for him."

It is mentioned in the "Diary of a Lady of Quality," that the first thing asked for by a rescued nun, when restored to her friends in England, was a looking-glass. Since she was five years old she had never seen her own face.

An admirer of dogs having had a new litter of a fine breed, a friend wished him to put him down for a puppy! "I set you down for one a great while ago," was the answer.

"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?" "Yes, Sir," said John. "Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents him from getting up again."

Literary Intelligence.—The Poet Laureate is about to bring out a new volume of verse, entitled, the "Idyls of the Hearth." The subject is, of course, a grate one, and likely to make a stir.

A Pil-grim.—A bolus made up of equal parts of prussic acid and strychnine.

"Some people," said a red-nosed individual, haranguing three or four by-standers, "waste their money in charity, others squander theirs in supporting wives and families, but as for me, I save mine to buy spirits."

Nobody giving attention to Diogenes while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song, and multitudes crowded to hear him. "Ye gods!" he said, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom!" Poor human nature!

The wit deservedly won his bet who, in a company where every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, "two half brothers, each measuring six feet."

A man brought before a justice of the peace charged with some petty offense pleaded in extenuation a natural infirmity. "I should have made a considerable figure in the world, Judge," said he, "if I hadn't been a *fool*; it's a dreadful drawback to a man."

Lines written on the marriage of a Mr. Husband:

"This case is the strangest we've known in our life,
The husband's a Husband, and so is the wife."

The sweetest of all pleasures, and one that will never decay, is to cherish the heart that loves you.

There is said to be a man in the moon. In the honeymoon there are both a man and a woman.

A Hibernian senator, speaking of suicide, said, "The only way to stop it is to make it a capital offense punishable by death."

A grave friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always go to bed quarreling. "And yet," said he, "with all our differences, we never fall out."

Medical Query.—When a person declares that his "brain is on fire" is it etiquette to blow it out?

A man advertises that he has "always a large supply of leeches *on his hands*."

Liquid Remedy for Baldness.—Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and then take it internally to clench the roots.

ON A BALD HEAD.

My hair and I are quits, d'ye see;
I first cut *him*, he now cuts *me*.

A knavish attorney asking a very worthy gentleman what was honesty, "What is that to you?" said he; "meddle with those things that concern you."

How wisely Nature, ordering all below,
Forbade a beard on woman's *chin* to grow;
For how could she be shaved (whate'er the skill)
Whose *tongue* would never let her *chin* be still?

Never confide in a young man—new pails leak. Never tell your secret to the aged—old doors seldom shut closely.

A philosopher being asked of whom he had acquired so much knowledge, replied, "Of the blind, who do not lift their feet until they have first sounded with their stick the ground on which they are going to tread."

One communion Sabbath the precentor observed the noble family of —— approaching the tables, and likely to be kept out by those pressing in before them. Being very zealous for their accommodation, he called out to an individual whom he considered the principal obstacle in clearing the passage, "Come back, Jock, and let in the noble family of ——," and then turning to his psalm-book, took up his duty, and went on to read the line, "Nor stand in sinners' way."

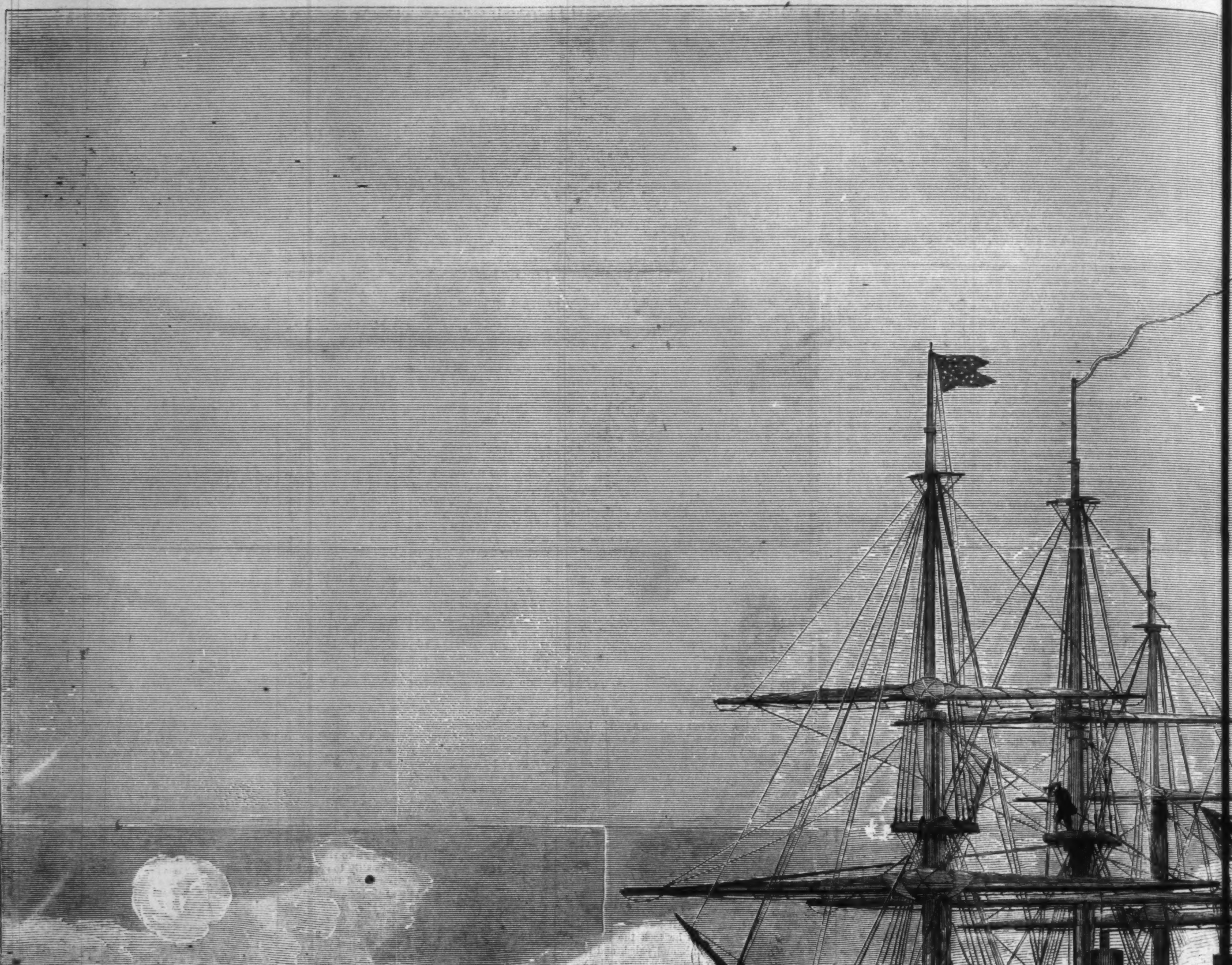
"Come down this instant," said the boatswain to a mischievous son of Erin, who had been idling in the round-top. "Come down, I say, and I'll give you a good dozen, you rascal!" "Troth, Sur, and I wouldn't come down if you'd give me *two dozen!*"

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Reader, beware immoderate love of pelf,
Here lies the worst of thieves—who robbed himself.

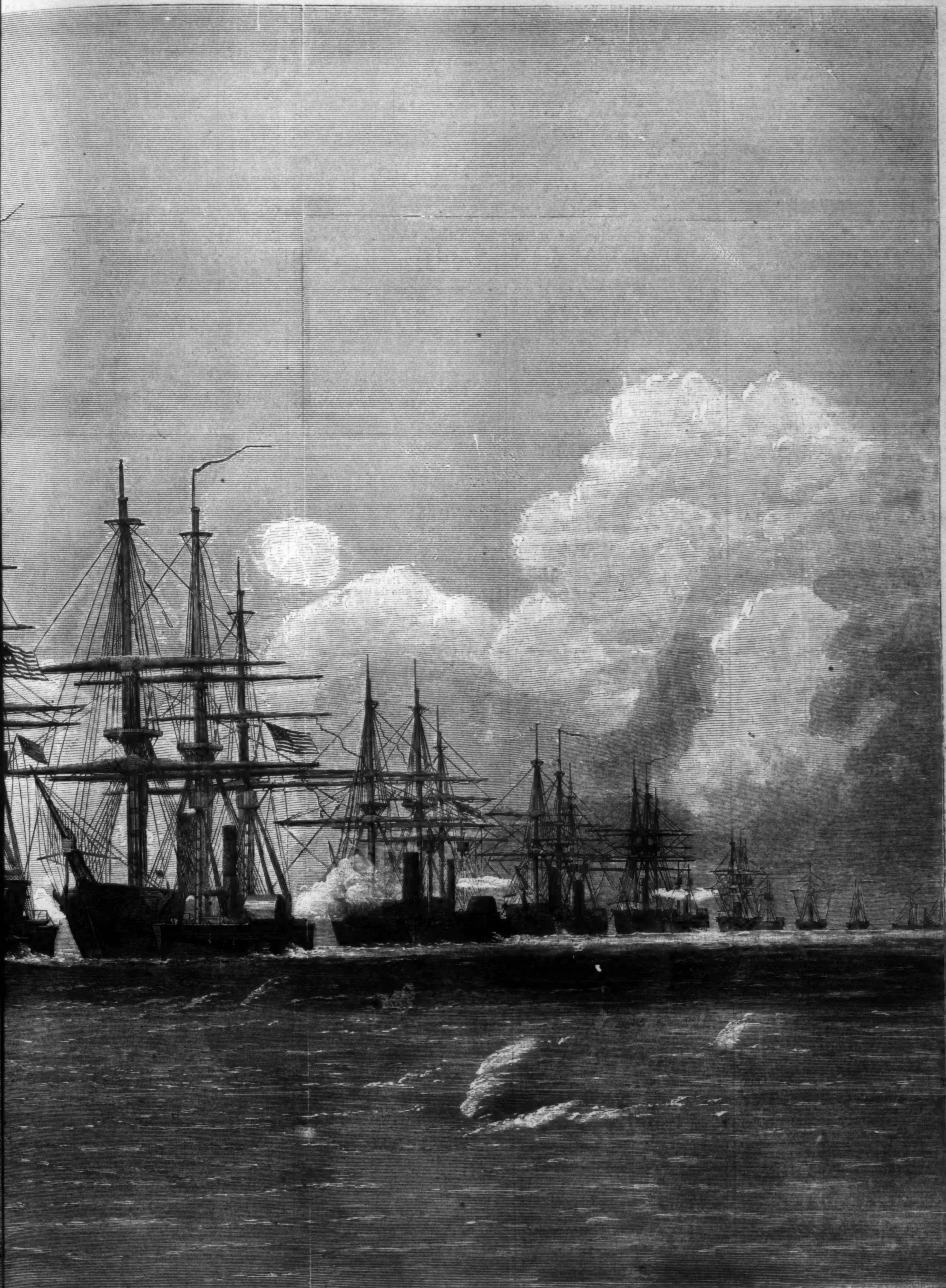
Some school-boys meeting a poor woman driving asses, one of them said to her, "Good-morning, mother of asses." "Good-morning, my child," was the reply.

"I rise for information," said a member of the legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a by-stander, "for no man *wants* it more."



Fort Morgan. The Monitors. Hartford.

FARRAGUT'S FLEET PASSING THE FORTS AND OBSTRUCTIONS



Brooklyn. Richmond. Lackawanna. Monongahela. Ossipee.

TIONS AT THE ENTRANCE OF MOBILE BAY, August 5, 1864.

RICH AND POOR.

WITH choicest meats the cloth is spread
And clustered fruits from off the vine,
And in the goblets, gold and red,
Sparkles the warm, delicious wine.
The rich man lifts it to his lips,
And murmurs while he slowly sips:

"Ah, wealth, what bounteous gifts are thine!
Where does the poor man find his bliss?
For him, there glows no generous wine
With fruity flavor like to this.
Wealth builds us round a wall secure
Which shuts us from the vulgar poor."

Oh, rich man, once upon the earth,
In years gone by, a stranger trod;
The prophets who foretold his birth
Proclaimed him as the Son of God,
And he, whose every deed was pure,
Chose his own friends among the poor.

In yonder naked garret's gloom,
Her aching sight made dim with tears,
With little left which once was bloom,
And seeming twice her actual years,
A woman toils from day to day
To drive the wolf and sin away.

And here a mother, mute with grief,
Bends low above her prostrate boy;
The nights are long, the days grow brief,
To her the morning brings no joy,
But finds her watching by the bed
Where lies her darling cold and dead.

Somewhere beyond our mortal sight
There is a city fair to see,
Where comes not sorrow, want, or night,
And time is an eternity.
And there no frowning wall secure
Shall separate the rich and poor.

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PILGRIMS AT RANELAGH.

I DON'T know whether they allow strangers to dine at the P. in these days. I am rather inclined to think they do not. Ultra exclusiveness tends in the long-run to inhospitality, and Spaniards, through whose miserably shriveled veins creeps the sangre azul, are sometimes reluctant to share their puchero with the best-recommended stranger, fearful lest he should have less than ninety-seven quarterings on his scutcheon.

At all events they dined outsiders at the P. twenty years since, and a very agreeable time the outsiders had of it. This may account for a certain round table in the Pilgrims' coffee-room being occupied on a certain evening in the winter of the sultan's sojourn in London, by four guests, only two of whom were free and accepted Pilgrims.

Members first, if you please. There was our old friend Lord Carlton, much older, but not much the worse for wear. He had settled down and grown fat. Need any thing more be said? Well, a little, perhaps. He was married, and her ladyship modeled wax flowers beautifully, and illuminated scrolls with "Thou shalt not steal," and "The tongue is an unruly member," in gold and colors, for ragged schools, in most superb style. She was rather too serious to be the wife of a reformed rake, and was given to lamenting her destiny, and exclaiming against the ingratitude of the world, when the juvenile pickpockets whom she had converted morally to a state of grace, and physically to be foot-pages, turned out failures, and absconded with the spoons; or when the awakened returned transport, whom she had promoted to be butler, was detected handing a blue bag containing Lord Carlton's court sword (broken short off at the hilt), a church service bound in purple velvet and gold, a silver vinaigrette, and fourteen yards of Valenciennes lace, over the area railings to Mrs. Fence, of Middlesex Street, late Petticoat Lane, by condition a widow, and by predilection pursuing the vocation of receiver of stolen goods. Lord Carlton, however, went his way, and her ladyship went hers.

His lordship bought pictures that were *not* by Titian, and, in his place in the House, was a very thorn in the side of the Royal Academicians and the Trustees of the National Gallery. He had brought in a bill to abolish whistling in the streets, and to compel costermongers to say "asparagus" instead of "grass," when they cried that delicious esculent for sale. This measure had a succès d'estime, for it absolutely got read a second time, by accident, on a very hot Goodwood Cup-day; and it was only in committee, and by the advice of a right reverend prelate, who, as the rumor ran, was a distinguished amateur of sibilation, and the only bishop who could dress asparagus with oil and tarragon vinegar after the recipe of Marie Antoinette's Cardinal de Rohan, that his lordship withdrew the bill, which had fluttered the Volscians, and dreadfully alarmed the London butcher-boys and itinerant vegetarians. A good man was my Lord Carlton, after a tempestuous youth. He owed a good deal of money, but he also gave away a good deal; and if Peter was damnified by his laches, Paul profited by his liberality. He went to sleep with commendable regularity at church, at the Opera, in the House —save when the whistling and green-stuff business was afoot—at the club, in the green-rooms of the patent theatres, in the committee-room of the Royal Hospital for Plica Polonica (that beneficent institution which we owe to the ever-to-be-lamented Dr. Quackenboss, and at whose anniversary festivals a royal duke generally takes the chair), and at the board meetings of the Elephant Life Assurance Association. Universally respected and beloved, a D.C.L., and lord-lieutenant in prospective of his county, Lord Carlton had probably little to wish for here below, save a little less gout, and a little more money to pay off his mortgages with. He had a literary turn, and had written a stinging article in a review, showing up would-be connoisseurs, who gave enormous sums for spurious Titians; and he was, just now, occupied in editing the family papers of the Carltons. As the first lord got his coronet through selling votes to Sir Robert Walpole, and the second earned a step in the peerage by selling votes to Mr. Pitt, and the third had cracked innumerable bottles with George the Fourth, much, very much was expected from the Carlton Papers.

And who was the second Pilgrim? Sir William Long. He was thinner, and paler, and looked taller, and men said his health was failing him. His hair was slightly grizzled, he ate little and drank less; he had a cough; and he smoked even more persistently than of yore. He was unmarried. He had traveled considerably since we saw him last, and fully earned his status as a Pilgrim. He had been East, and brought home narghilés, papouches, and attar of roses; he had been West, and returned with buffalo robes and moccasins, the antlers of elks, and the tails of beavers. His hunting-lodge was hung with the scalps of the Hours he had killed; but he felt a little bored, even among the desiccated skull-caps of his slain enemies. They were dead; but what was he to do with the hours which were to come? He had become wealthier; but he spent little, so far as was known; drove now no four-in-hand; indulged in no elegant wickedness. The gossips whispered that the priests had got hold of him; that by his munificence had been endowed the new bishopric of Adrianopolis in partibus infidelium; that he had built the oratory of St. Gengulphus up in Northumberland; and that he would probably make an end of it as Brother Something or other, with pease in his shoes and spikes in his girdle. But you and I know what the whispers of the gossips are worth.

And the pair of guests? The Sultan Greyfaunt is before you. He was in his proper element; he was happy. The pearl of a washerwoman and the jewel of a body-servant had done all that was possible for him. The sultan had a contented mind, and had fully made that mind up on the important subject of himself.

The partie carrée at the round table was completed by Tom Tuttleshell. I wish to state that Tom has been dead (worthy soul!) these five years, and that his mantle has not descended upon any body. There are a great many people going about the world who would like to be Tom Tuttleshell, *but they can't manage it.* Only one Tuttleshell can flourish in a generation, and the time of the next Tuttleshell has not come yet.

He was a florid little man, with such bright red hair and whiskers, such sparkling blue eyes, such gleaming white teeth, such a dazzling shirt-collar, such mirror-like boots, and altogether in such a violent and inflammatory state of freshness, that he looked as though he had been boiled, starched, and mangled in a hurry. His hands were so ostentatiously clean, that you might have fancied (but that he was the most harmless fellow breathing) that he had been murdering somebody, and scrubbing his knuckles with a flesh-brush to get the blood off. In evening-dress he was superb, and wore the largest, cleanest, and stiffest white neckcloth to be seen out of a Wesleyan conference. In morning-dress his trowsers were of so very large and pronounced a check as to give his legs the appearance of ambulatory draught-boards; and he wore, winter and summer, a white waistcoat, a black watch-ribbon, and a white hat with a crape round it. I think that costume was the making of Tom. In it he was fit for any society. In that white waistcoat he had assisted at a ladies' committee (anti-slavery) in the gorgeous saloons of Sennacherib House. Often you might see the white hat, and snowy vest, and the rubicund perspiring face between them, on platforms at public meetings, down the yard at Tattersall's, and in the lobbies of the Parliament House. They always let Tom into the Speaker's gallery of the Commons. I don't know why; but I conjecture in consequence of the hat and waistcoat. They looked so much as though they and their wearer had a right to go every where.

You met Tom Tuttleshell in all kinds of London penetralia, to the most exclusive. At the guard-mounting at St. James's you would find Tom in the centre of the hollow-square, where the colors were, chatting to the dandy Guardsmen. At a review in Plumstead marshes who was that individual in a white hat and waistcoat? Who was that bold civilian riding full split with the chief of the staff? That, by your leave, and by the chief's leave too, who knows him, was Tom Tuttleshell. Tom was never in the commission of the peace—his commissions were of a very different nature—but you might behold him sitting on the bench, cheek by jowl with the Middlesex magistrates on licensing day. He was sure to turn up on the speech-days of the public schools, and at the collations afterward. The swan-hopping excursions of the corporation of London; the term-feasts of the Honorable Society of Reynard's Inn (where you dined in a rusty black gown, drank hippocras, and were expected to drink, in Norman-French, to the health of the late Chief Justice Gascoigne); and especially the annual banquets of the Worshipful Company of Chain-mail Makers (nearly the last of the City companies who put five-pound notes under the plates of their guests, and cause their beadles to fill the hats of the company with macaroons and pine-apple jelly when they go away: such is the munificence of the Chain-mail Makers, whose Hall has not been rebuilt since the great fire, and whose paraphernalia is in the custody of the head waiter of the Star and Garter);—none of these festive gatherings would have been complete without the presence of Tom Tuttleshell. He sung so good a song, and told so good a story, that aldermen and baronets had been heard to regret, almost with tears in their eyes, that That Man was not something in the City, whereby he would infallibly have made his fortune. I believe that Tom *was* free of the Chain Makers, whose stock paid twenty-seven per cent., and that he lived upon his dividends. Others accounted for his means of livelihood by whispering the mysterious word "commission." It was certain that, although Tom was always ready to borrow forty thousand pounds—at seven and a half per cent., not a penny more—for the Earl of Liveloose, he never borrowed any money himself. You could not call him a sponge; for though he was continually being asked to dinner, he never asked to be asked. You had no right to brand him as a tuft-hunter, for he toadied nobody, and made himself sought by, without seeking the company of, the great. The malevolent only could hint, with a sneer, that Tom's mother must be a washer-woman and his father a cab proprietor, so very white and profuse was his linen, and so very frequently was he to be seen scurrying from the West End to the City in a Hansom. Being a very little man, he naturally carried, at all places of public entertainment, a very big opera-glass; and it was highly edifying to watch him at the opera or the theatre, on the first night of a new dancer or a new play, apparently engaged in sighting a brace of Armstrong guns linked together. You could scarcely sweep the vista of the hill at Epsom or the grand stand at Ascot without your eye lighting on Tom and the big opera-glass, sitting in the high-places, or planted, Colossus of Rhodes like, on the top of a four-in-hand. He went behind the scenes of all the theatres; and many a manager owed his temporary rescue from ruin to Tom Tuttleshell's friendly offices in the way of letting stalls and private boxes. He was free of a great many newspaper offices, and of a great many newspapers too, to judge from the neatly-folded and banded copies which were handed to him by bowing publishers when he took his weekly trot down the Strand every Saturday afternoon. He went frequently to Paris, and consorted with the best people there, both English and French. He was a confidential creature. When Sir John Brute, who adored his wife, and was in the habit of beating her black and blue, had been unusually obstreperous, her ladyship always called in Tom Tuttleshell, and he seldom failed to induce penitence in the heart of the offending husband. He had saved Mrs. Lightfoot from committing suicide, after the discovery by her jealous spouse of Captain Tenstun's miniature in her writing-case; and when Mrs. Majolica Potts threw the tea-things at her husband's head, and he retorted by casting china images at her, and the children, terrified by the quarrels of their parents, cast themselves in wild confusion down the nursery stairs, Tom was always called in to restore peace to that distracted household. Thus, welcome every where, and doing harm to no man, was Tom Tuttleshell. He was not literary; but had once written a song in aid of the funds of a fancy fair, and dedicated by permission to Mrs. Hiram Hyem Higgs (great banking family). He was not artistic; yet was supposed to have a keen eye for the old masters, had once been examined as a witness before a Fine Art committee, and was absolutely alluded to in a Fine Art debate, when the report was brought up in the Commons, as "a gentleman of well-known taste." He was no great politician; but he was sure, at election-time, to be on the Conservative candidate's committee. He was neither financial nor commercial, though he was always very anxious about the price of consols, shook his head when Venezuelan bonds were mentioned, and had been seen in Upper Thames Street attentively regarding a sample of Patna rice in the outstretched palm of an eminent wholesale grocer. "I ask you, Tom, as a fellow who knows what's what, if that's *rice?*" the grocer was heard to say. He was undeniably respectable; but nobody knew precisely where he lived. He was supposed to have a bedroom at a hotel in Jermyn Street, and chambers in Reynard's Inn, and an office in Gideon Court, Sampson Lane, Cornhill. Yet, granting this slight amount of mystery, not a breath of suspicion rested on the fair fame of Tom Tuttleshell, for he had been seen lunching on turtle at Birch's with a governor of the Bank of England, and was currently reported to have an audience with the prime minister every morning, when the pilot who guided the ship of state was engaged in the pleasant occupation of shaving. These things become known, and do a man good.

The Pilgrims' dinner had reached that agreeable stage when men begin to trifle with the cates before them; to be critical about the wine, biscuits they nibble; to inspect contemplatively the checkers in their Madras napkins; to be deeply interested in the hinges of their nut-crackers, to peer curiously into the shells of their filberts, and when they find a withered one to utter a fat sigh, half in the complacency of processive digestion, and half as though they were reflecting, "Such is life;" then to whisk imaginary crumbs from off their knees; then to pull their wristbands and adjust their collars; then to find more flavor in the Chambertin—"A very delicate, yet sound wine, Tuttleshell:" "I wish I had a quarter-cask of it, my lord"—than ever the wine-merchant put into it; then to admit that, after all, the old Saxon families surpass the so-called Norman race in purity of blood and antiquity of lineage. "I would rather be Cedric the Saxon than Philippe de Malvoisin," says Lord Carlton, finding two bees-wings in his port instead of none: to which Tom Tuttleshell, whose grandfather was the Lord knows whom, cheerfully assents; and finally to yawn, and to think that a mild cigar and a glass of Seltzer with something in it would be about the summum bonum of human felicity. Don't let me hear you say that there are few hours of unmixed happiness in life, or repeat that trash, that man never is but always to be blest. Man is blest when he is asked to dine at the Pilgrims'. The chef would impale himself on his own spit if he heard that any one had been compelled to take carbonate of soda after one of his dinners; the cellar is so good that there is not a head-ache in the whole of it; and black care never sits behind the horseman who puts his legs in the mahogany stirrups of that friendly club. No British wife is ever angry with her husband for being bidden to dine at the Pilgrims'; precisely as no British husband (save a monster) would deny his wife a check if she were about to be presented at court, and lacked jewelry or lace.

"But the question is," said Lord Carlton, as they rose from table in beaming mood; "the question is, where shall we go?"

"Strangers can't play cards," remarked Sir William Long.

"Hate cards," added Lord Carlton.

"They are stupid things at best," observed the sultan, loftily. "Give me hazard."

The baronet looked at him. "You must have oceans of money, Mr. Greyfaunt," he observed.

"Not much, but enough," Edgar replied, with something akin to a blush.

"I am glad to hear it. People call me rich; yet I daren't play at hazard."

"You played too much when you were young, Long," his lordship, who was conscious that Edgar was not very well pleased with the remark, interposed. "Greyfaunt will soon have enough of hazard. It's like rowing. When a fellow begins to know something about it it's time for him to leave it off. But still, all this by no means helps us to settle the question, 'Where shall we go?'"

"I shall go home," Sir William Long said, wearily.

"You've no home to go to, most misanthropic bachelor, except those dreary chambers in the Albany, where you bury yourself to smoke cigars twenty times too strong for you, and read Crebillon the Younger, or Butler's Lives of the Saints. Why on earth don't you fall in love and marry?"

"I never was in love but once," the baronet made answer, gravely, "and that was with a little girl scarcely nine years old. I don't think I could marry her, for I am gray and broken now, and she must be a young woman by this time."

"Was the attachment reciprocal?"

"I think so. I never saw her but once in my life; but I gave her some sugar-plums, and she let me kiss her at parting."

"What was her Christian name—sans indiscrétion?"

"Lily."

Edgar Greyfaunt pricked up his ears. "Why, I know a little girl called Lily," he cried, "and not so long ago either."

"Not such a very uncommon name," yawned Lord Carlton.

"My aunt adopted a poor relation," put in Thomas Tuttleshell, "whose name was Hannah; but she was a sentimental woman was my aunt, and changed the girl's name to Lily."

"A most interesting piece of family history," sneered his highness, who misliked, he scarcely knew why, the universally popular Thomas. "Have you many poor relations, Mr. Tuttleshell?"

"Plenty," answered Tom, cheerfully. "The very poorest of my poor relations has had the honor of making a fourth at a very pleasant dinner-party at the Pilgrims' Club, Park Lane, this very evening." Hereby Tom managed to kill two birds with one stone; to give Greyfaunt a Rowland for his Oliver, and to pay Lord Carlton, who was the Amphitryon, a neat little compliment. Yet the good fellow winced somewhat as he replied to the young man. He knew all about Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt. "Why should that brainless puppy insult me?" he thought. "Here's a peer of the realm and a rich baronet. *They* never say any thing rude to me; yet here's a stuck-up young jackanapes, who's burning the candle at both ends, and in six months won't have a penny of his old aunt's money, has never a civil word to throw at Tom Tuttleshell. Well: it don't much matter. *He'll* never get on." Tom never bore malice; and to prophesy that a man would never get on was the severest censure he ever passed on the conduct of an enemy.

"The question," resumed Lord Carlton, anxious to put an end to an embarrassing discussion, "again resolves itself into, 'Where shall we go?'"

They were donning their great-coats in the hall.

"Come home and smoke with me," suggested the baronet.

"We will smoke, and not go home with thee, hermit of the passage between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens:" thus Lord Carlton. "We know how it would end. Three o'clock in the morning, a discussion on the Cosmic Principle in Nature; Greyfaunt losing his temper, and challenging us all to fight duels before breakfast; nervous affections brought on by excessive indulgence in tobacco; and Tom Tuttleshell asleep with his head in the coal-scuttle."

"Come and play lansquenet at my rooms," proposed the sultan. He knew that Tom never

played, and would go away (which was the very thing he wanted) if the invitation were accepted; and he would have been delighted to entertain a peer and a baronet, even if he lost money to them.

"Long has forsworn lansquenet, and I prefer whist," objected his lordship. "Can no one propose something else?"

"Why, there are plenty of places to go to," said Thomas, who saw that his peculiar office was now in request, but who had prudently bided his time until the invention of his superiors was exhausted. You must not be obtrusive with the lion, even if you be a jackal. Wait until King Noble begins to scratch his mane with a puzzled air, and turns an inquiring eye toward you. Then you may hint to his majesty, but very discreetly, where you think the nicest antelope is to be found.

"Places to while away an hour positively abound," pursued the diplomatic Thomas. "Will you take a cab down to Pentonville, and see the Grecian? A monstrous queer place, I can assure you. I took an English duke and the Hospodar of Moldavia (who insisted on wearing a false nose, thinking there was a masquerade) there one night, and they enjoyed themselves immensely. Don't care about going so far? Will you be my guests at an humble little club in Frith Street, Soho? It is club night. Brattles will be in the chair. You know Brattles, the well-known sculptor of Satan putting on the Serpent's Skin. There will be some capital singing, and you'll meet some of the first wits of the day. I'll introduce you all as Manchester men, if Mr. Greyfaunt chooses to hide his artistic candle under a bushel."

"I should like to go very much indeed," said Sir William Long.

The Sultan Greyfaunt demurred, on the plea that they would probably be bored. The sultan would have dearly liked to strangle Tom Tuttleshell for that ill-timed allusion to his artistic genius.

"Try again, Tom," said Lord Carlton, who was thinking what her serious ladyship would say if she even heard of the expediency of visiting these wild haunts of dissipation being mooted.

"Well, there's Evans's; but it's too early. There's a new farce at the Lyceum—Potatoes and Pool, or the Can and the Cannon Game; but I know the French piece, and the man who has done it into English, and both are stupid. What do you say to a visit to Ranelagh?"

"Ranelagh! why, I haven't been there for ten years!" exclaimed Sir William.

"Ranelagh! Why, it's midwinter and as cold as charity," said Lord Carlton.

"Where *is* Ranelagh?" asked the Sultan Greyfaunt, with engaging simplicity.

"Southwark Bridge Road, half a mile from the Asylum for Club-foot; two-shilling cab fare," rapidly pursued Thomas. "As to its being winter, that will be just the fun of it. M'Variety, the manager, who took the lease when poor Benjamin Raphael went to the bad, and who is a fellow of infinite resources, was the first man to hit on the ingenious notion of opening Ranelagh in winter. The statues in the Archipelagean walk are covered up with straw, it is true, but they're beautifully lighted. The trees are leafless, but there's no end to the additional lamps. There's an artificial skating-pond, and a Galop Infernal on skates, with a full band, at ten o'clock. The lake's boarded over, and the Panorama of Seringapatam has been turned into Moscow at the time of the French invasion. It will be set on fire punctually at eleven; and Bandenessi, the great gymnast, dressed as the Emperor Napoleon, will cross from the Kremlin to the Church of St. Ivan on the tight rope, and in the midst of a shower of fire-works."

"Accomplished Tom, you speak like a book," said Lord Carlton.

"Or a play-bill," good-naturedly suggested Mr. Greyfaunt.

"You're not far wrong there," returned Thomas, with a dry laugh, "for I help M'Variety (who is an old ally of mine) every week to make out his programmes. Come, my lords and gentlemen. Shall it be Ranelagh? The price of admission has been reduced from half a crown to one shilling. There are a concert-room, a dancing-pavilion, an exhibition of wax-works direct from Paris, and the property of the celebrated Florentine anatomical artist Signor Ventimillioni. There are the Wolocrini family—the Bounding Brothers of the Western Prairies; there is a ballet-theatre; and, finally, there is a circus, where Madame Ernestine, the celebrated equestrian, is to make her first appearance this very night on her trained charger Constant, dressé à la haute école, the bills say, although what that may be I have not the slightest notion. We shall be just in time to see her."

"Constant! that's an odd name for a horse. Poor Frank Blunt—Griffin Blunt they used to call him: he came to a sorry end in Paris the other day—used to have a man called Constant. Deuced clever fellow he was too. Dressed hair and made curaçao punch wonderfully. Robbed his master, I dare say. No, I think Blunt must have robbed him. A shocking rip was Frank, poor fellow!"

"There is a man called Constant who keeps Pomeroy's Hotel, where I staid when I came to town," Edgar remarked, in reply to Lord Carlton. The nobleman had sent away his brougham, and the baronet his cab, which were waiting at the club door by this time; and the distinguished quartet, ensconced in an humble four-wheeled cab, were on their way to the famous gardens of Ranelagh. "I wonder whether it's the same Constant? These valets often save money and set up hotels."

"There is a river in Macedon, and there is a river in Monmouth," observed Sir William Long, "and I can't see what your Constant or any body's Constant has to do with the lady's horse at Ranelagh. I wonder who this Madame Ernestine is? These horse-riding women change their names so often. I know there is one of them whom I should like to find."

THE SONG OF THE BLUE-BELLS.

HARK! what do the blue-bells say,
As they ring their fairy chime,
Tinkling 'neath the south wind's sway
In the summer's early prime?

They're nodding in elfish glee
As I slowly pass along,
And merrily mocking me
In their tiny, whisp'ring song.

I sit by the old oak-tree,
At my feet a rushing stream;
And here my wild heart beats free
As I lie awake and dream.

I list to that floral peal,
As it joyously seems to ring,
While sad mem'ries o'er me steal
Of the past, as thus they sing:

"Our summer is bright and brief,
But, ere clouds pass o'er the sky,
To tell of a coming grief,
We wither away and die!"

As I muse on joy that's past
I envy each bending bell,
And wish that my fate were cast
With them in their quiet dell.

THE WINDOW ON THE PORCH.

How came the window open on that stormy morning? It was the old, old story, the story of young hearts and old heads. Two young people falling in love with each other; a person in the shape of a father disapproving; the lover poor, the father rich; the girl divided between duty and affection for her parent and passionate tenderness for her lover; and Love triumphing in the long-run, as he generally does.

This was why the parlor window stood wide open that stormy morning; for at twelve the night before she had come down to him, wrapped in white furs and a crimson hood, and had sobbed, "Oh, Charles, I am very, very wicked, and unless Pa forgives me God never will!" which theological statement Charles combated bravely, and proved beyond a doubt (to his own heart at least) that there was no harm in marrying whom one loved.

Trembling and sobbing softly, though there was no danger of being heard amidst the gusts of wind and the creaking of the bare elm branches, she let him lead her on tenderly over the soft snow until a dark object under the trees slowly developed itself to their eyes as a sleigh and two horses, and an old driver, who had been beating his arms against his breast to keep himself warm, helped the lady in, with a gruff sort of sympathy. And away they glided, the black horses before them, and the white snow about them, falling softly, softly over them, and Janet's head lying upon Charlie's breast, and her little fur-clad form nestled close to his. They were foolish little people, but not wicked, whom those black horses whirled over the white snow to Hymen's altar that bitter winter's night so long ago.

When they found that balcony window open in the gray morning's dawn, and found also a penitential letter blotted with tears, and an empty bed, the pillows of which had not been rumpled, pursuit was useless; for Janet Grey had promised to love, honor, and obey Charles Oliver, and he had vowed to love and cherish her until death did them part.

"Forgive them—never!" So passionate old Robin Grey vowed, with many an expletive not to be written here. Forgive her! The serpent warmed in his bosom to sting him at last. From his heart and his home she had gone forth of her own free-will, and an exile from both she must remain forever.

Poor Janet, she loved her father dearly. Poor old man, he had no one on earth but that pretty petted daughter, who had about as much idea of the life before her as a baby might have had.

She had married a sailor, second mate of the *Bonnie Lassie*, who made voyages to the East Indies and brought home cargoes of spices and sweet-scented woods and fruit and rare confections, but who did not always bring home those who went with her; for in those warm latitudes fevers are rife, and many a sailor in his hammock shroud has floated from his moorings to the Spice Islands, while at home many a young wife has watched for the good ship which should return her husband to her never more.

Three months of innocent delirium, the world seeming made for them, and only lovers worthy to breathe its air. Then came the awakening. Burly Captain Thomas broke the dream with his "Ahoy, messmate, where away?"

They were rambling together in the shady paths of Washington Parade Ground, and he came upon them.

"How are you, Captain? Glad to see you. This is my wife." And how proud he was to show the pretty child, with her long curls and blue eyes and dainty waist and waxen white hands with her sixteen happy summers scarcely told upon her brow.

The Captain bowed. "Heered you was spliced," he said. "You couldn't have moored alongside of a prettier craft, my lad. Though she don't look as though she'd weather through a storm. Never expect to follow your example myself though. The *Bonnie Lassie* is my wife. You know she sails to-day week."

"Ay, ay," said Charlie. "Why should I forget?"

"Sumat better to think on, p'raps," said the Captain. "Fair weather, shipmate. Respects, mum."

And away he went, feet wide apart, hands in both pockets, and gait that of one who, used to a rolling vessel, seems when on land always to expect the world to give a sudden lurch, and who tries to be on his guard against it.

Janet looked up into Charlie's face with fearful eyes.

"What did he mean, Charlie?"

"He is Captain Thomas, of the *Bonnie Lassie*, love."

"Well?"

"That's all, dear."

"And the *Bonnie Lassie* is your ship?"

"Yes."

"And she sails to-morrow week?"

"To-day week."

"Charlie."

"Love."

"Of course the horrible thought never entered your mind of going with her."

"I must."

"Oh no; you want to frighten me. I couldn't live, you know. Oh, Charlie, I feel like fainting. I'm all alone. I have nobody. Pa will never speak to me again. Charlie, laugh—say 'It's all fun, Janet.'"

"I wish I could. My dear, you knew your husband was a sailor when you married him."

"Yes; but I never thought he would be so cruel as to leave me. Charlie, I really think I shall die."

Her pretty baby face was so white and wan, and her hands so cold, that he was frightened. They sat down upon a bench together, and then she pleaded to go with him—only to go with him any where and any how.

"A long dangerous voyage. He could not think of it." And her answer was:

"A dangerous voyage! And I to stay at home and listen and hear the winds blow, and think of you. Charlie, stay at home if you care for me."

Poor Charlie! He held her to his breast in the shadow of the old Park, and tried to teach her her first lesson—how money must be earned, and how men must earn it; how a sailor bred could be nothing but a sailor; how as a man he must discharge his duty, and never have to think that he had dragged her from the sheltered home of luxury to suffer poverty and all its ills; how, in fact,

"Men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep."

It was very hard to learn, and the poor girl-wife could not comprehend it. As for going with him, old Captain Thomas, an old-fashioned sailor, who boasted that he never "crept in at the cabin windows," and never studied navigation out of book, but fought his way up from cabin-boy—that old salt-water would never have consented to have a woman on board, in view of all manner of traditionary ill-luck—storms, shipwrecks, etc., etc. There comes some such episode to every young wife in a modified form.

Janet could see no necessity for this voyage. Only cruel choice.

That fortnight all tears and lamentation. That parting for six months—six eternities to her. Charlie and Janet had grief enough in their two loving hearts to fill this world and leave a surplus for some other.

At last the day came, and he left her fainting and went away crying like a child.

Then Janet was all alone, and thought that she should die. When her tears refused to flow so freely as at first, which was not for many weeks, she found some comfort in an old piano, a sweet-toned thing, and very, very shabby, that stood in the parlor of her boarding-house, but her songs were always sad; a wounded bird dying in her nest and calling for her mate could not have uttered notes more pitiful to listen to. Only now and then when a letter came she brightened up for a while. But at last six months were gone and there came no letter. The ship must be at hand, that of course was it. He, Charlie, would be here very, very soon; but no Charlie came: those who waited for the *Bonnie Lassie* saw her not. No letter, no Charlie; another month—another—another—still no news. One morning she stood by the window watching, and the landlady came to her. She was a good woman, and hesitated to speak; but her boarding-house only kept her out of poverty, and this blue-eyed girl was a boarder after all. So she said: "Mrs. Oliver, I don't like to tell you—but—but—"

"Oh you've heard ill news of Charlie!" and Janet, turning with ashen cheek, clung to her arm.

"No, my dear. Oh no, thank goodness, it's quite different! Your husband paid your board for six months in advance, you know."

"Yes."

"Well—ahem. It's—it's nearly ten months since he went, and I'm quite poor, and I'm often cheated, very often, and, the fact is, can *you* pay me?"

"I? Oh no. Charles—Mr. Oliver will settle with you the moment he returns."

"Y-e-e-s—but it's no use mincing matters, my dear. I'd be glad to wait. But are you sure he will come back? The sea is treacherous, and they say sailors are also, 'a wife in every port.' There, now, don't take on. Haven't you relations, or somebody who will help you?"

"My father, I'll go to my father," said poor Janet. "He will forgive me *now*;" and she left the house as a weary child might have done, longing for that good old breast that used to be her shelter. Far out of town the homestead stood, and its doors were locked, and its windows barred against her. A strange servant came at her summons: she had anticipated that, and written a few lines begging that he would see her. They were returned to her. On the envelope was written, "I have no longer a daughter: she is dead to me."

Janet Oliver went back to the city boarding-house, and there that night a babe was born to her. A wailing thing that struggled for life and won it at last; and Janet holding it against her breast felt that a fragment of her Charlie's life lay there, and clung to it as drowning men will cling to the frailest floating thing. But for those little hands—those strange, ignorant eyes, that precious nothing holding the embryo soul, Charlie Oliver's wife would have let go of life and floated away upon the sea of death that night. Her baby kept her alive; and now her watch, her rings, her little jeweled keepsakes began to go—by-and-by her costlier clothes, the white furs she had wrapped herself in when she eloped that night with him. One by one every thing went, save some cotton gowns, her hood, and a large shawl. At last came the climax.

She stood with her babe before the landlady, and the woman said, though not unkindly,

"Mrs. Oliver, I'm sorry for you; but you *have* a father, and he *must* keep you—*I* can't." And Janet took her child and went out into the midwinter afternoon. She had no hope of her father's pity; but she said, "We can die, my child and I, within sight of the old house; and perhaps he may forgive me when he sees me dead." Then another hope entered her soul; she would wrap the child up carefully; the little one might live, and he would have mercy on that for its innocence.

Poor girl, she had no money for a stage-fare; she plodded on through the cold streets and out upon the weary road for hours; and it grew dark and darker: eight was rung from the city clocks, nine, ten, and only then, by the clear frosty moonlight, she saw the roof of her father's homestead, with the elms about it leafless as they had been when she fled from it with Charlie Oliver.

She had matured her plans, and dragged her weary steps to the porch. Upon it those deep windows opened to the ground. There she would lie down, and in the morning they would find her there dead. Ah, poor child! I hardly dare tell what she had done, it was so wicked; but she was very miserable. At the bottom of her pocket lay a vial labeled "laudanum."

So at last she stood before those windows, and one of them was open—wide open at half past ten on a night in midwinter!

God had opened it for her. So she said. And even then she knew not the strange truth of her words.

"Oh, my home!" she wailed, softly. "Oh, my father! I will go in. I will lie in my little bed. I will die there, and my babe will live, and all good angels help her to be a better child to father than I have been."

So she crept in on tip-toe, unfastening her shoes, and leaving them without, that she might make no noise whatever.

She gained her little room. By the moonlight she saw that it was just as she had left it, and must have been carefully kept from change. The sleeping babe was laid upon the soft pillow, and then she thought of her garments lying in the bureau drawers. Were they there yet? It would be more seemly to die in clean, fresh, white robes than in those travel-stained clothes which she wore. So she peeped in, and found the white raiment, and put it on, and then she knelt to pray—to *pray* with a vial of poison in one hand, with mad suicide in her heart.

As she knelt she faced the door, and her eye glancing thither, she saw a light glancing up and down the wall, and heard a footstep. Could it be her father? She crept to the door and looked. Along the stairs came the man-servant bearing a light, coming stealthily with a strange look on his face—the strange man-servant who had turned her from the door by her father's orders months before, and whose wicked face had haunted her ever since. Where was he going—what was he going to do?

She watched him with a heart suddenly stilled in its beating, and saw him enter her father's chamber door.

Then she made haste to follow him as fast as her trembling limbs could carry her. Not too soon. She saw as she crept in an open safe, a rifled chest, papers and gold upon the floor, and the servant's form bending over her father struggling.

She uttered a shriek and sprang forward. In prison afterward the villain said he fancied her a spirit, and the sight benumbed his arm. He started, half arose, and with this opportunity the strong and vigorous old man recovered his surprise, and turning on him had him down in an instant.

He knew his child; he knew she had saved him; but this was no time to think of that. He only said, "Raise the window, Janet, and call for John, the coachman." And Janet obeyed. In a few moments that wiry rascal on the floor had no chance of escape; he was bound hand and foot, and lay there whining.

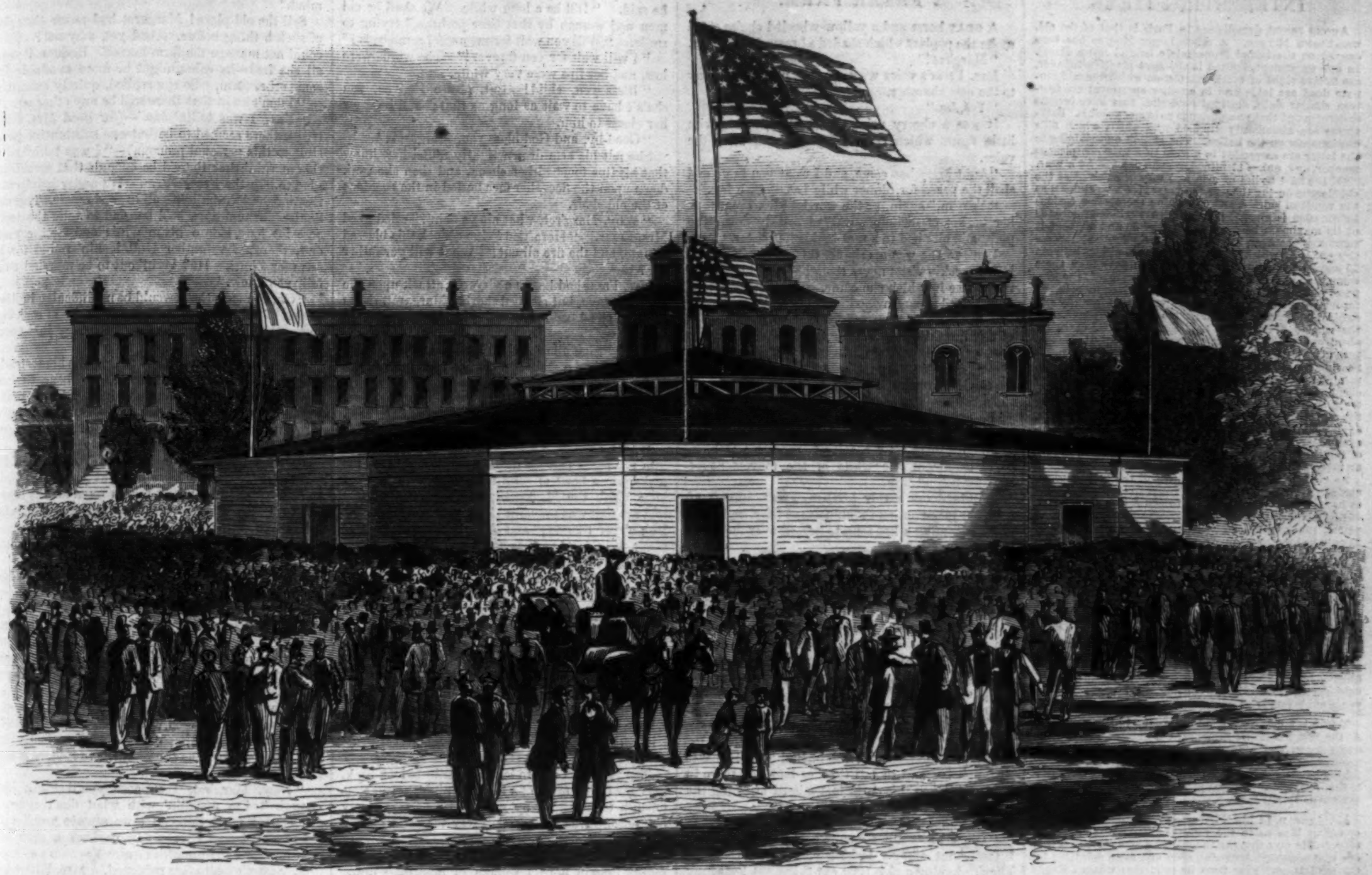
And Janet was in her father's arms. She had led him to the bed where her baby lay, and had told him all. He had known nothing of her woe, even of the baby's birth. To his mind she had been joyful in her young love, ungrateful to him. God had left the door open indeed, though the instrument had been a murderous servant's hand, who, fearful of the watchful ear of honest John, had thought to steal out noiselessly through it. Janet had entered her old home to save her father's life and to creep into his heart once more.

The *Bonnie Lassie*, and good old Captain Thomas, and a host of honest sailors were never seen again, for the sea opened its great arms and enfolded them to its breast forever. But a little island in the ocean had room enough for one brave foot, and with so much to live for, Charles Oliver battled with the waves, and with thirst, and hunger, and death-like solitude, and watched, and prayed, and waited, feeding on roots, and berries, and strange fruits until at last sails greeted his eyes, and a vessel hove in sight, and the voice of living man greeted him once more.

He came home to Janet, and long ago forgiven by her father in his fancied death he was not refused forgiveness living.

And so the old love-dreams were realized, and the shadows banished, and as much of joy as can come to earthly beings came to those who lived together in the old homestead among the elms. And to her children, in the twilight, ay, and to her grandchildren, perhaps, by this time, Janet Oliver has often told the story of the open window on the porch.

DEDICATED TO THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.



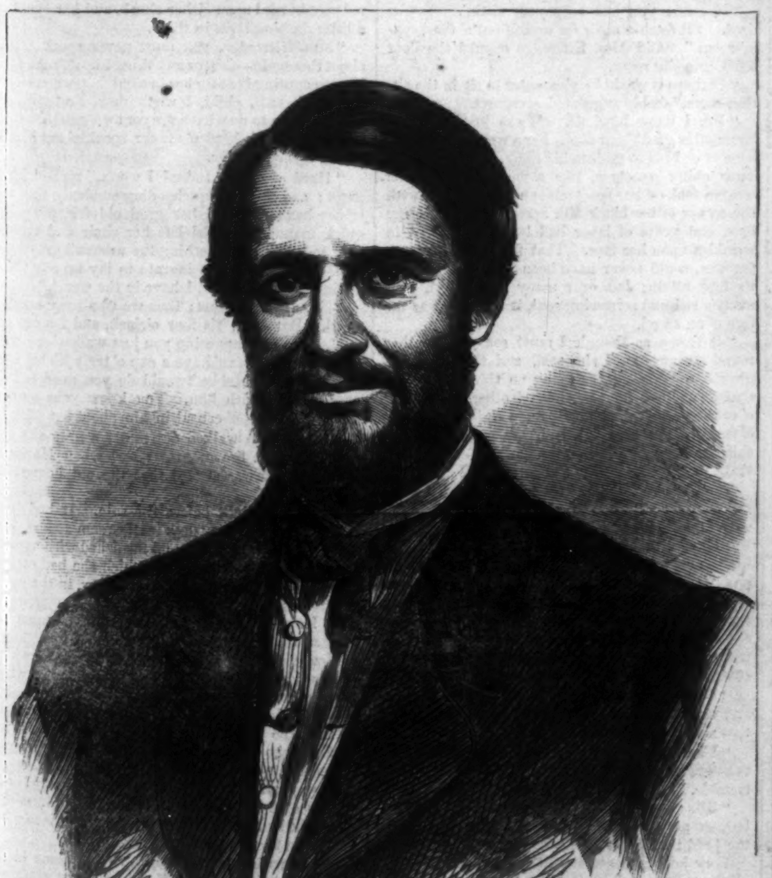
VIEW OF THE TENT IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IS TO BE HELD, AT CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

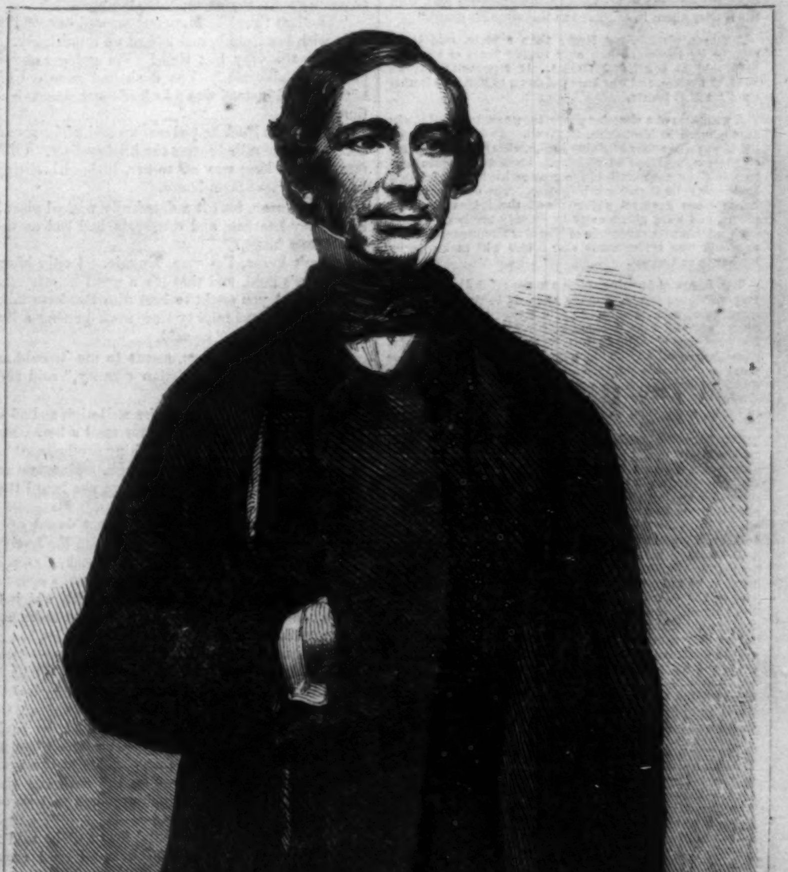
WE give on this page portraits of C. L. VALLANDIGHAM and FERNANDO WOOD, the leaders of the Peace Party; also a view of the WIGWAM in which the Democratic Convention is to be held on Monday the 29th. These two gentlemen recently held a Peace Convention at Syracuse, New York, the object of which was to coerce the Chicago Convention by a vast popular demonstration in favor of peace. The meeting was of no significance. They each made speeches, earnestly begging the people by their fear of severe wounds and of heavy taxes not to resist the rebellion any longer with arms, but to settle our difficulties by compromise. As our "difficulties" are nothing but the armed resistance of certain citizens to the laws, with the declared intention of destroying the Government, it is not easy to understand what kind of compromise with them is possible, except submission to the degradation of the Government. The plan of Messrs. VALLANDIGHAM and WOOD undoubtedly contemplates a temporary separation, with the hope of an ultimate reunion upon terms that will permanently secure the Southern ascendency. Of course there is as yet no open declaration of such a scheme, but no man familiar with our politics and with the course of these two leaders will doubt it. Their silence, and the studied manner in which they always speak of the Union as endangered by the loyal men of the North, instead of the rebels at the South, and the constant declaration that the authority of the Government can not be maintained by force, are sufficiently significant of their views.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was first notorious as the squire of Mr. MASON, of Virginia, at the time of the JOHN BROWN enterprise, when he endeavored to extort from the old man something that would implicate in a conspiracy the leaders of the political party to which Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was opposed. This unhandsome trick, in which certain gentlemen in New York took part, signally failed; and a suit at law being brought against the New York gentlemen by Mr. GERRIT SMITH, the effort was exposed to merited contempt. Since then Mr. VALLANDIGHAM has been a steady friend of the rebels.

Of Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, who was first notorious for a suit brought against him for swindling by his partner, Mr. MARVIN, and who as Mayor of the city of New York regretted to ROBERT TOOMBS that he could not connive at the sending of arms destined for the slaughter of loyal citizens, the New York *Herald* of August 22, 1864, says: "His appropriate sphere is that of a ward politician, and he displays himself to singularly bad advantage whenever he vainly attempts to appear like any thing else."



CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



HON. FERNANDO WOOD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

INTERESTING ITEMS.

AMONG recent demolitions in Paris is that of the old, well-known Morgue. A much larger Morgue has been erected on the island immediately behind Nôtre Dame. In one apartment, lighted in the most effective manner, are twelve slabs of black marble, on which the unfortunate dead are laid; and in another apartment are fourteen similar slabs, destined for bodies that have become so decomposed that recognition is no longer possible. Bath-rooms are abundantly supplied with water, which falls continuously on the bodies. The clothes appertaining to the latter are suspended in a room in a very conspicuous manner, and, unless identified, remain exposed for a year.

Of the 2851 bodies of men and women received at the old Morgue during the past ten years 1766 are set down as the result of suicide, and concerning these some curious information is given. It appears that self-destruction is at its maximum between the ages of 20 and 40, that it commences between 10 and 15, and dwindles to almost nothing after 70, which is not surprising, the suicides between 10 and 20 being three times more numerous than those committed after the age of 70 years. As regards the supposed causes—for in this case there must be a margin left for imperfection of judgment—it appears that insanity and suicidal monomania account for more than one-quarter of the whole: drunkenness and disgust of life, each, for about one-tenth; absolute poverty for nearly the same proportion; misfortune and incurable diseases, each, for nearly as many; next, and close upon these, come disappointed love, domestic misery, and misconduct of the suicide himself; accusation of theft stands for about 1 in 26; fever and delirium for 1 in 38: and vexation caused by the remonstrances of others about 1 in 57. This, however, applies only to the male sex. In the case of women insanity stands first, disappointed affection second, disgust of life third, drunkenness fourth, starvation fifth, domestic misery sixth, and incurable disease seventh.

As regards the mode adopted, out of the 1766 cases recorded at the Morgue, 1414 had recourse to drowning, 114 to hanging, 98 to fire-arms, 56 to the fumes of charcoal, 46 precipitated themselves from buildings or other elevated places, 16 made use of cutting weapons and instruments, 11 only had recourse to poison, 7 threw themselves beneath railway or other carriages, and 4 killed themselves by swallowing alcohol. Another table informs us that more than one-third of the whole of these suicides were committed between the hours of six in the morning and mid-day; while the first two hours of the afternoon exhibit by far the smallest number, not one-tenth as compared with the six preceding hours of the day.

The number of females who committed suicide is scarcely more than a fifth of that of the male sex. It is a striking proof of the influence of misery on suicide—unless, indeed, it be an evidence of a superstitious dread—that only about one in six of the suicides was buried at the expense of his family or friends.

THERE is a new mania for frog eating in Pennsylvania. At the Mansion House Restaurant at Chester in that State seven dozen and nine frogs were sold in one evening. Some of the citizens of the borough, who seldom ever went fishing before, can now be seen, gun in hand, on their way to the frog fields. Several gentlemen report a morning's work at forty-one frogs.

MR. ARNOLD, in his "European Mosaics," suggests an appalling idea as to the future of Rome, the "Eternal City." He says that the Campagna which surrounds it is one vast cemetery, becoming more and more desolated by the malaria springing from its soil; that whole villages are depopulated and deserted, and the time may come when the city of Rome will be no longer habitable, and the Papacy itself be blighted, and go forth a wanderer over the world.

AGNES STRICKLAND, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," in giving an account of the rewards bestowed by Queen Mary upon her friends, after her accession, says: "The Queen's gratitude took a very odd form in the case of the Earl of Sussex. He was a valetudinarian, who had a great fear of uncovering his head; and, considering that the colds he dreaded respected no person, he petitioned Queen Mary for leave to wear his night-cap in her royal presence. The Queen, in her abundant grace, not only gave him leave to wear one, but two night-caps, if he pleased. His patent for this privilege is, perhaps, unique in royal annals: 'Know ye, that we do give to our well-beloved and trusty cousin and councilor, Henry, Earl of Sussex, Viscount Fitzwater, and Lord of Egremond and Burnell, license and pardon to wear his cap, coif, or night-cap, or any two of them, at his pleasure, as well in our presence as in the presence of any other person or persons within this our realm, or any other place in our dominions wheresoever, during his life: and these our letters shall be his sufficient warrant in his behalf.' The Queen's seal, with the Garter about it, is affixed to this singular grant."

A SMALL picture, not larger than a plate, said to be painted by Raphael when only twelve years of age, has been sold at the Hôtel Drouot. It represents Charles VIII. of France, and was knocked down to Baron de Rothschild for 2700 francs.

A WEDDING of a singular character was celebrated lately at a church in Yorkshire, England. Four bridegrooms led to the altar four blushing brides, sisters, of the name of Preston, residing at Shipley. Each bridegroom was born in the same month of the year as his bride, and each bride was older than her bridegroom. The mothers of the bridegrooms were all widows; and the brides were orphans, and were given away by an only brother. Under such a fortuitous concourse of singular circumstances it is expected that bridegrooms and brides will make happy husbands and wives.

THE fumes of burning coffee are powerful disinfectants. Experiments have been made at Paris to prove this. A quantity of meat was hung up in a closed room until decomposed, and then a chafing-dish was introduced, and 500 grammes of coffee thrown on the fire. In a few minutes the room was completely disinfected. In another room sulphureted hydrogen and ammonia were developed, and 90 grammes of coffee destroyed the smell in about half a minute. It is also stated that coffee destroys the smell of musk, castrœum, and assafœtida.

THE following is a description of an interesting encounter which lately took place in Spain between a bull and an elephant. When the elephant was brought to the Place des Taureaux a fiery young bull was turned out. The bull advanced against this terrible adversary without evincing the slightest fear. He attempted to flank him in order to wound him; but the elephant, exhibiting an equal agility in his motion, did not suffer him to approach. Finally the bull attacked him in front; but, every where confronted by the formidable tusks, which interposed an impregnable barrier, he did not succeed in wounding him. At last, in one of the assaults, the bull succeeded in thrusting his head beneath the tusks; but, before he could penetrate the tough hide of the elephant, he fell to the earth. The spectators only saw the elephant bend his head slightly, and rest the extremities of his tusks, which had been plugged, upon the back of the bull. From that moment the bull was *hors de combat*, and when they afterward killed him it was found that three ribs were completely crushed by the almost imperceptible movement the elephant had made in holding him with his tusks.

PRACTICE and native shrewdness has long ago taught the Russian peasant the importance of large quantities of soft carbon being taken into his animal system; important against the cold of that country, and still more important as a corrective of the large quantity of plain bread he delights to consume—three pounds a day generally, and five pounds during harvest, over and above his *kasha*, or boiled millet, eggs, milk, salted cucumber, mushrooms, cabbage, and not unfrequently supplies of beef. The sort of bread he prefers is rye, and prefers it for the same reason that the acute Scottish plowman clings to his oaten cake, and discerned long before the days of Liebig, that it was chemically more strengthening to muscular fibre than expensive wheaten flour. So here, having his dear "black" bread, as well as most other articles of his food, fried up in abundance of rich linseed oil, or, on high-days and holidays, with sunflower oil, the hardy denizens of the woods of Archangel, or the roamer over the steppes of Tamboy, is able to prosecute his work through all seasons of the year in spite of even Siberian weather.

FREAR FARM.

A GRAY horse and a yellow-wheeled chaise stood under the poplars which shaded a brown farm-house.

"Marg'ret!"

Mrs. Frear's voice went ringing up the stairway to the east chamber.

"Yes, 'm."

It was a cheery voice that replied, and a trim little figure which came tripping down after the voice.

"Aunt Mary has come, and I want you to go and shell the pease for dinner while I visit with her."

"Yes, 'm," again, as the worthy Mrs. Frear took her basket of mending, walked briskly down the path, and climbed to a seat beside her sister.

You see she was a cripple, this Aunt Mary, and in her weekly visits never thought of alighting from the chaise in which she came. Consequently that vehicle had stowed away in its old chinks more general information than ever crammed the cranium of any mortal carriage since the flood. It was, in fact, a perfect moving encyclopedia of births, marriages, and deaths, past, present, and prospective, for the little town of Heathe.

In it they were seated, this June morning, two white-haired women; their backs were turned to the sun, while Dobbin cropped the lilac twigs, munching them after a solemn, reflective fashion, quite cognizant the while of the movement of tongues behind him.

Within doors a tidy kitchen, great squares of sunlight lying out on the unpainted floor, and Margaret humming a low song to herself over the basket of pease.

"Guess who!" rang out a merry voice behind her, and two brown hands drew her backward blindfold.

"Anson! But what will father say?"

"Nothing to me, I imagine. I left him down in the two-acre lot with Parson Sykes. They'd just begun with original sin, and they've got to get through election and the decrees yet, to say nothing of the probable fate of the heathen world. They're safe enough for the next two hours," said the young man, throwing his straw-hat upon the floor.

A broad-shouldered, straight-limbed fellow was Anson Boise, and so tall that, as he stood there in the low kitchen, his curls just missed brushing the cross-beam overhead.

"But mother?" again suggested the girl.

"Oh, I knew what would become of her when I saw Aunt Mary's Dobbin coming up the hill. They're having a rich time out there. I heard my name just as I leaped over the fence. So now, if you please, I'll sit down, though you haven't asked me to, and shell pease as propitiation, or penance, or whatever you choose to call it, for my transgression." He drew up a low chair, and sat down beside her.

"But, Anson," she still remonstrated, "I'm afraid this isn't right."

"Of course you are, and of course I know 'tisn't! But I know of something that's worse; and that is, for your father to insist upon separating us when he knows how fond we are of each other, and for no reason under heaven than that I'm an orphan and poor. I say it's a burning shame, begging your pardon, Margaret." And the young man's face flushed indignantly. Margaret said nothing, and he went on:

"However, it's the last time I shall trouble him, or cross your scruples again for the present."

"The last time?" Margaret pressed one of the pods with her thumb, and looked up inquiringly.

"Yes, the very last time! I'm going away—going to California." The flush had gone out of his face, and instead was a look of fierce determination.

"California!" The pod was opened, and a sound dozen of pease rolled across the kitchen floor. California was a long way off to her, little girl, sitting in that Vermont farm-house.

"But, Anson, isn't it a dreadfully wicked place? Ain't they heathen, and cannibals, and bad as the Hottentots 'most?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, Maggie. I only know that there's gold, and that it's a great country out there. Oh! you ought to hear Jim Bartlette talk. You'd think 'twas mighty slow work getting a living off these rocks," he said.

"I know—but, Anson, seems to me 'twould be better to stay in a Christian country," said she, hesitatingly.

"I declare, Margaret, you're well-nigh as bad as Uncle John. He says I'd better steal a horse, and get sent down to Windsor to making scythe swaths." Anson laughed his old merry laugh. Margaret remembered it. It was years before she heard that laugh again.

Then there was a pause. The cat dozed upon the settle, and the tea-kettle sang upon the hearth.

"And when will you ever come back, Anson?" asked the girl.

"When I can bring something with which to make a home of my own," he said; and there was another silence.

The pease were shelled, and Margaret was sitting with her two hands folded upon the top of the basket. Anson sat gazing at her with a hungry look in his eyes. That little figure in its brown dress, the small head with its heavy coil of hair at the back, the long-lashed downcast eyes—he took them all in with that look. How many nights in the years that came after did he see in the darkness that little figure parting the shadows come and go before him!

"Here's something I found for you," he said at length, laying in her hand a small gold cross. "You'll wear it sometimes, and remember me, I know."

She did not move. Only her fingers were like ice as he touched them, and her face was pale.

"I must go now," he said, rising.

Margaret stood up leaning against the deal table. She raised her eyes now, and Anson stood looking down into them—those clear, brown eyes—and holding her two hands in his.

"Do you think you can wait for me, little girl?" he said. "It'll be a long while. We shall be old man and woman by that time perhaps," trying to smile. "Will you wait for me until I come back?"

"I will wait for you forever!" The words were low, and her lips were very white.

"Bless you, child! But, please Heaven, you sha'n't have to wait as long as that;" and he drew her closer to him.

"Good-by, and God bless you, Margaret!"

She felt his arm drawn tightly round her, knew that his lips touched her cheek, and then she sank down upon the floor, her face buried in the cushions of the old chair.

"Why, Marg'ret, what air ye doin'?" cried good Mrs. Frear. "Here 'tis twelve o'clock this blessed minute, and the fire all out! What will yer father say?"

Mrs. Frear had begun a vigorous attack upon the cooking-stove, but stopped short as Margaret, rising wearily, stood before her with blanched, bewildered face.

"Why what ails the child! Bless me, she looks as ef she'd had a stoke!" A stoke, indeed, but not exactly of the kind to which her mother referred.

Margaret passed her hand across her eyes heavily, as with an effort. "It's nothing, mother," she said. "I must have been a little faint. That's all."

"All? enough, I should think. You just come into my room and lie down on my bed, and I'll make you a bowl of sage tea. Mercy to me! I hope 'tisn't the black-tongue. Your Aunt Mary told me that was prevailin' in Barnet. Just let me look o' yer tongue;" and the good woman bustled about, bringing blankets and brewing herbs in her solicitude for her child, quite oblivious of dinner and all other minor considerations.

And Margaret buried her eyes in the snowy pillows, while Anson, all his worldly effects packed in one valise, took his way on foot to the next stage-town. And the next week a tall man stood upon the ship's deck and watched the blue New England hills grow dim, and a little figure, in its brown dress, sat still in the Vermont farm-house and worked on as before—only her cheek was a trifle whiter, and instead of her old song there was silence.

Ten years! Long to look forward—to look back, only the brief dream of a summer night. But time enough to create many new joys, to forget many old ones. Had Margaret Frear forgotten? We will see.

The same tidy kitchen; the same old chair, and seated therein a pale woman in mourning dress. She had sat down in the kitchen; she could not stay in the sitting-room to-day. They had carried out from there yesterday a coffin—her mother's; and in that place between the windows, where the table was standing now, *it* had stood. She seemed to see the black pall there yet.

There was a knocking at the inner door, followed by the entrance of a tall woman in a dark gingham gown. It was Mrs. Kittredge. She lived next door, which next door was a good half mile away; but they were called in Heathe near neighbors.

"I told my husband," she said, laying down her sun-bonnet—"I told him, Marg'ret, that I'd just come over and sit down 'long with you a spell. I knew 't must be lonesome like."

"I am very glad to see you," said Margaret; and she rose, shaking the cushions of her rocking-chair, and setting it for her visitor.

"No, no; you just keep your sittin'. You're tired. I'll fetch a chair for myself out o' the keepin'-room." And Mrs. Kittredge opened the door softly into *that* room.

"Perhaps it would be pleasanter to sit in the sitting-room," feebly suggested Margaret.

"No, I know how 'tis. 'Twas just so to our house after gran'f'ther died. For a week we couldn't none of us bear to go into his room. Seemed as ef 'twas chilly somehow, like a vault." The good woman took off her spectacles and wiped them with the corner of her black silk apron. She had gray hair, and years of labor had left their record in wrinkles upon her face. That face with its large features, could never have been beautiful even in its best estate; but over many a sick bed, over many a sad and sorrowing soul, it had shone as the face of an angel.

"It seems as though I must see your mother round somewheres," she said, and the spectacles grew dim again. "It's going on thirty year now that we've lived 'long side of each other, and a sight o' comfort we've had together; a sight o' comfort, Marg'ret," she repeated, "an' we never took nothin' but comfort together, the Lord be thanked, and that's more'n most neighbors can say."

The old clock ticked in the corner, and the two sat silent for a little. Mrs. Kittredge was knitting very fast. The tears would keep coming, and she was choking them down under that string of gold beads about her neck. She had come over purposely to "cheer up" Margaret, and here she was crying herself. She has never heard, good woman that she is, what some one has said: "Be not consistent, but be simply true;" and so consistency and truth are having a sore battle of it. The former conquers, however, and she says:

"Well, Marg'ret, she was a good mother to you; and now 't she's gone, you'd ought to be grateful that she was spared so long."

"I know it, Mrs. Kittredge, but it is very hard to be grateful always;" and Margaret's lip begins to tremble.

"Bless your dear soul! don't I know 't it's hard; but, as my husband says, "We'd ought to thank the Lord that it's as well with us as it is."

Very homely consolation this, but nevertheless, all the more, possibly, it went down into the heart of the orphaned, solitary girl. A dry soil, which all day long has scorched under a burning sun, receiving at night the cooling rain and the dews of heaven, it was like this, Margaret thought, the low spoken comfort of an honest soul.

"I suppose you'll sell the place, most likely?" said Mrs. Kittredge, presently. "It was well enough," she said to herself, "for Margaret to begin to think of those things. 'Twould take up her mind."

Sell the old place! Margaret had never thought of such a thing before. And yet, why not? She could not manage the farm herself. Besides, it was all she had—its value might be more available in some other form. So she replied, quietly enough:

"I don't know that there will be any other way."

"Yes; I was tellin' *him*"—(for good Mrs. Kittredge there seemed to be but one substantive possible to this personal pronoun)—"I was tellin' him this mornin' that there'd be enough that would be glad to buy the Frear Farm. It's under good cultivation, and the buildin's all in good repair. There's Squire Varnum now, he'd be glad to take the ten-acre lot 'long side o' his mowin'; and for the rest on't, there's my brother Hall lookin' round for a farm for Zimri. He's layin' out to be married this fall, you know."

"Oh, I'm sure there would be no difficulty in disposing of it," said Margaret, for the sake of making some reply. Her thoughts were too busy just then for her to talk.

It was sudden, this plan of selling the homestead. A little like taking the ground from beneath her feet, it seemed to her, and she hardly knew what would become of her afterward. Mrs. Kittredge's thought must have been nearly in the same place, for she asked,

"And what are you intendin' to do, Marg'ret?"

"Indeed I hardly have thought yet, Mrs. Kittredge. Perhaps I might take a room somewhere, and board myself, and teach the district school," she said.

"Now that sounds sensible; and as for a room, you're welcome to come to our house."

"Thank you," said Margaret, and Mrs. Kittredge went on:

"I can't help thinkin', Marg'ret, how 'most any girl situated as you are would be thinkin' o' gettin' married, and havin' a home o' their own. But that ain't your way." This was said in a deprecatory tone, and Mrs. Kittredge gave Margaret's face a searching look. The face told no tales which she could read. There was only a little twitching about the mouth; so the good woman, shuffling a little in her chair, and knitting with a speed perfectly incredible, proceeded, as she would have said, to "free her mind:"

"Now, Marg'ret, I suppose you'll think like enough 't I'm meddlin' with what don't concern me; but I must tell you 't we always wondered, my husband and I, that you couldn't a seen yer way clear to take up with Squire Varnum's offers."

Margaret's white face reddened. Mrs. Kittredge noted it, and took courage.

"He's a professor, and, so fur's I know, a consistent man. Be sure he's a good deal older 'n you, but after a woman's twenty-five that don't signify. And mebbe his children, eight of 'em, might be an objection with some folks. But you're good-tempered. You'd get along well enough. An' then, another thing, whoever goes there 'll have enough to do *with*, for the Squire's worth property, an' there ain't a mean streak about the man. 'Tain't too late to think on't now. The Squire, he said as much to him the other day. Hadn't you better now, Marg'ret?"

"Mrs. Kittredge!"

Six consecutive stitches were let down upon Mrs. Kittredge's stocking that instant, so startled was she by the tone in which her name was spoken. Margaret was sitting forward in her chair, a bright red spot burned upon either cheek, and her eyes had a little flashing light in them.

"Mrs. Kittredge, you must never speak to me about this again—this, or any thing like it." And she began counting her stitches in a quick, nervous way.

"Well, well, child, I won't then, I'm sure. I only want ye to do what's fer yer own good about it. You won't think hard o' me for speakin' out?" she added, apologetically.

"Hard of you! Indeed I won't," replied Margaret; and then, comprehending suddenly that she might have wounded her good old friend by her quick manner, the girl left her chair and crossed over to her, and, smoothing the woman's gray hair, said, "I should be an ingrate to lay up any thing against the best friend I have in the world."

"No, no, dear heart; then we won't say another word. But here, 'tis four o'clock, and I must go. And, Marg'ret, supposing you just walk along with me, and sit down an' have a cup o' tea with my husband an' me. Mebbe 'twould do you good to talk over matters with him. You know your mother was in the habit o' consultin' him about her affairs."

And the two walked out under a gray sky and over the short brown grass; and when Margaret came back it was settled that the old homestead should be sold.

It was the night before the sale. It had been with Margaret a busy day. Her room at Mrs. Kittredge's had been taken, and furnished with articles from the old house, many of which she had carried carefully in her own hands. And now, in the gathering dusk of the summer night, she closed the door, locking it behind her, and sat down upon the gray stone.

How quiet the night was! Only the croaking of frogs in the marshes, and the shrill note of a whip-poor-will, weird and far off, borne by the night wind across the lowland. An odor of mignonnette came up from the little flower border at her feet. That border—who would tend it now? And the odor of mignonnette—how it carried her back to that morning, ten years before, when Anson went away! She remembered that a spray of it was in her dress that day. She had never smelled mignonnette since without living the parting over again.

Ten years! And Margaret, sitting alone in the gloaming, half wondered if she were the same girl that she was then. She looked at her hands folded on her knee. How thin they were! They used to be round and plump, she remembered. But whatever else they had lost they had kept the firm pressure of Anson's good-by. They had always seemed, they always would seem, a little better to her, remembering that.

Ten years! She had promised to wait for him

forever. It seemed likely now that she would. It was so long to wait. Would he never come back to claim her promise? If he were alive. But what if he were dead? They all supposed he was. Perhaps he was. Every one she loved had died. Why not this one? And if he were dead was her promise binding? Something outside of herself seemed to suggest this. She looked away through the darkness. A bright light glanced from among the maples on the hill. It came from the bow-window of Squire Varnum's library. Margaret watched it a moment, thinking then of her own little room at Mrs. Kittredge's. It was a contrast certainly. A word of hers would place her under the cheery lamplight of that library, with all those old books looking down, and Squire Varnum's genial face looking across at her. Should she speak that word? But between her and any such answer there came her own voice of old, promising to "Wait forever." And she remembered too well Anson's "Please Heaven, you shall never have to wait so long," to forget it now. And so she would trust God. Wait and hope still, though it should be hoping against hope.

And then the shadows deepened, and the flames of sunset burned to ashes down the west, and the figure of the lonely girl was lost in the gloom of the porch.

She started suddenly. Something brushed against her foot. Only the cat; she had forgotten her until that moment.

"Come pussy," she said. "You shall go too;" and taking the old creature in her arms she went down the walk, the creaking gate swung behind her, and she passed out into the night.

"The Frear Farm to be sold to-day," they said. An auction was an event to the dwellers in this quiet land of farms. Early in the afternoon the old vendue-master was upon the stand, shouting and gesticulating in a way which would have done justice to a more hotly contested sale. There were, in fact, but two competitors for the farm, Squire Varnum and Deacon Hall. The latter had just risen twenty-five dollars above the price set by his opponent.

"The Deacon's got it now," said a voice in the crowd, but just then there appeared a new figure upon the scene.

On the street, in front of the house, just under the poplars, a wagon had stopped, and a tall man, bronzed and brown-bearded, stood erect in it, looking down upon the crowd with a keen, steady eye.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars!" shouted the auctioneer, "I'm offered twenty-five hundred dollars for Frear Farm! Who bids again? Going, gentleman! Too cheap by half. Going!"

Every ear awaited the final "Gone," when a voice sung out, deep and clear as a bell,

"Twenty-six hundred dollars!"

The astonished farmers faced about to a man, and scanned the new-comer.

"Twenty-six hundred and twenty-five!" vociferated Deacon Hall, beholding his supposed possession suddenly taking to itself wings.

"Twenty-seven hundred!" shouted the stranger, leaping from his wagon with a bound, and striding through the crowd. He reached the stand just as the hammer came down.

"Gone for twenty-seven hundred to—. What name, Sir?" and the vendue-master turned to the stranger.

"My fellow-townsman ought to do me the honor to remember that, Sir," he replied, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"By all the powers! I believe it's Anson Boise!" exclaimed the old man, taking the stranger by the arm, and turning him toward the light.

"The same, Sir;" and Anson extended his hand cordially.

"Well done, boy, and well grown too! Why, what a giant you are! Might a ben one o' the sons of Anak the Scriptur tells about," said Deacon Hall, looking up at him.

"And so you've come back to settle down among us. That's right, that's right;" and they pressed round to shake hands with him.

"Where's your wife, Anson?" asked one.

"Haven't found her yet," was the laughing rejoinder.

But he did find her.

Margaret, sitting alone in the dusk, heard a step coming down the walk. "The auctioneer," she said. Well, she was ready for him. She had been schooling herself all day. She would be brave and not falter when he told her that the old homestead was gone. To whom? she wondered; and then the light before her eyes was darkened, and then rang out again the merry challenge,

"Guess who comes now!"

Poor Margaret, she had been ready for the auctioneer—ready for almost any thing, she thought, but not for this. So she gave a little cry, and would have fallen to the floor. Then you know what happened; how Anson took her up in his strong arms and carried her to the air, and how Mrs. Kittredge ran for water and the "camfire bottle;" and the household generally was thrown into a state of confusion.

"Poor little creetur, 't was all so suddin!" said Mrs. Kittredge, soothingly, as she bathed Margaret's white face. "But she'll come out in a minute."

And Anson held the light form so easily, as though it had been a child; and when Margaret came to herself again, there he was, looking down at her with the same old look in his eyes.

"I've waited for you," she said, and she smiled a little, bright, happy smile.

"She's had a hard time of it, poor thing!" said Mrs. Kittredge, stopping to take off her spectacles and wipe them. Anson turned his head aside. There was a mist before his eyes just then.

And so it came to pass one Sunday evening that the minister walked over to Frear Farm, and there was a quiet little wedding in the old parlor. And now, while I am telling you this, I can just catch the gleam of their lamp through the lilac bushes; and I know that within there is love, and plenty, and peace.

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